



“Why should I dress up to see a show about a sea gull?”



*"This is where Ernestine used to live with Mr. Roberts.
I sometimes wonder about poor, dear Mr. Roberts."*



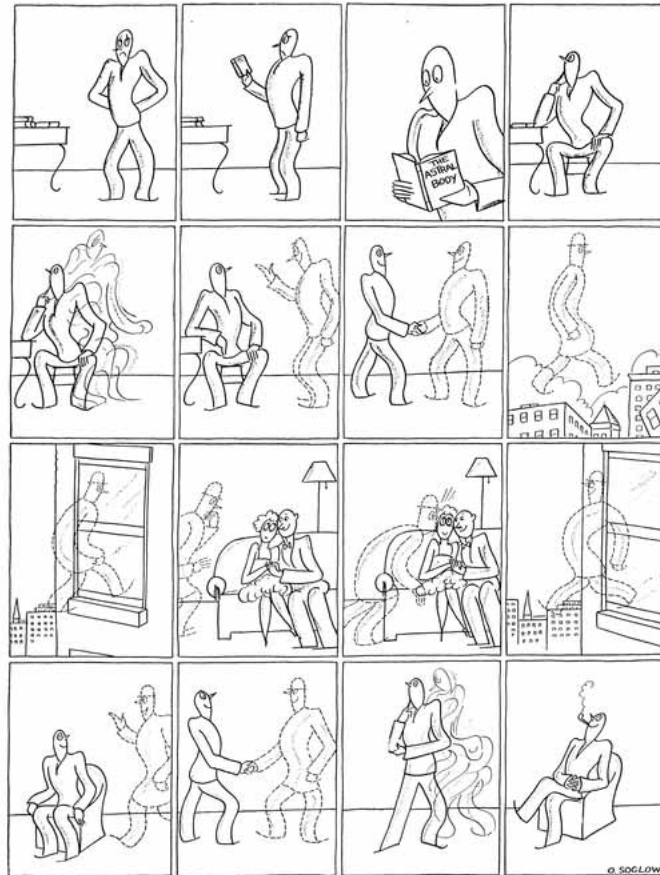
“My God—what expression!”



"Yeah, she called me up the day she got her interlocutory degree."



*“He has the most marvelous vocabulary—I don’t know
whether he’ll use it all this evening or not.”*





"Ma, Gordon's at your jiggle again!"



“Of course, in a way, Bertrand Russell is responsible for me.”

"Silk socks! Oh, Jerry, I knew you'd make good."



“After all, what is the meaning of it all?”



"Lapin, eh? Don't tell me! I used to keep rabbits."



*“Oh, I’m sure we mean the same thing, Professor,
only we use different words.”*



*“That’s Miss Phylter all right, only when I
knew her I didn’t think she was so hot.”*





And That's That



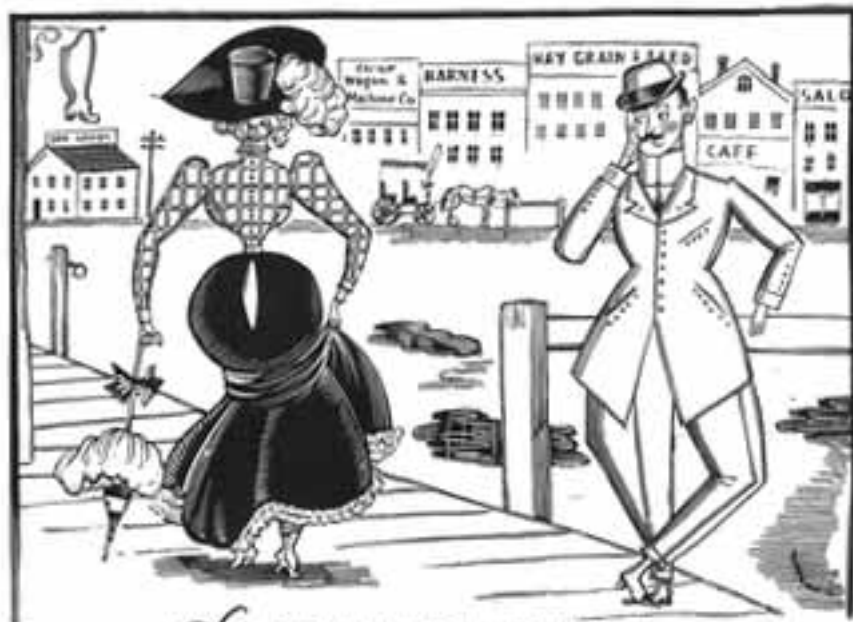
"If he wins this match, who will he play next?"



“And let this be a lesson to you, young fellow!”



“Miss Willard, take a poem, please.”



The **OPEN PLACKET**
from the Memoirs of John Held Jr the Engraver



“All right—all right! I’ll shut up—sick as I am—”



"Would you care to hear a coloratura soprano this evening, Mike?"



“Oh, those wondrous nights at Reuben’s.”



“Oh, darling, we’ve been invited to our first gangster’s funeral.”



*"Now, I want you to promise me to pat
your face twenty minutes every night."*



“Get it?”

(1 OF 3)



(2 OF 3)



(3 OF 3)





“Yes, sir, you can be sure that when you use two packages of birdseed in a week there must be something wrong.”



"It doesn't look as if anything will ever come of our having sent the Wendells a New Year's card, does it?"

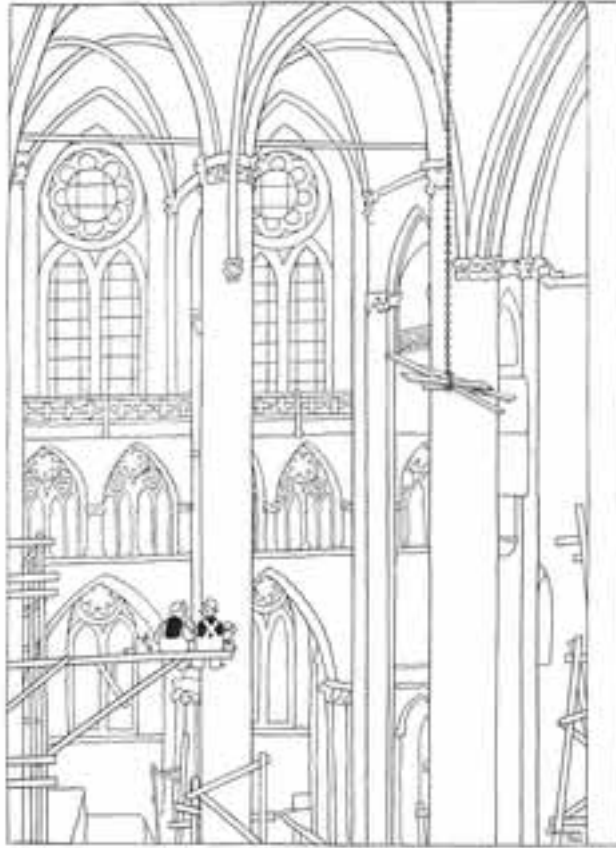


"I have my technique. Now I must learn to abandon myself."



"It's obscene, I tell you!"

"Well, Stisky, I wish I could see it your way."



*“Well, some of these days we’ll have th’ scaffolding down
an’ the Bishop can test her out with a prayer.”*



"Where the hell y' think yer goin'?"



"Was it Betty I called yesterday—and was it yesterday?"



*“Come now, dear, Mamma’s little
Boy Scout must be quiet during
his outdoor hour.”*



“Of course, if worse came to worst we could buy retail.”

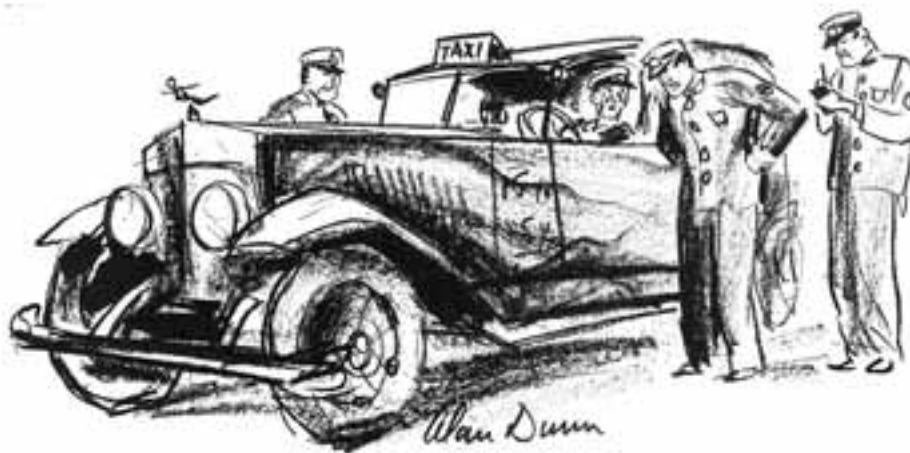


“Come as my guest—it won’t cost you a cent!”



HAPPENING IN LONDON

*The Naval Conference Delegates Feed the
Doves at the Nelson Monument*



“See here, you! When did you last wash your hands?”



“Wilfred, what did I tell you about letting me drink!”



"How is Jascha getting on, Mrs. Johnson?"



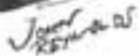
FROM THE GARDEN OF MEMORY
SOLDERING the BUSTLE
ENG BY JOHN HELD JR. BY ARRANGEMENT WITH
JOHN HELD JR.



“No, it’s not ready yet, Laura. Remember, the toaster knows.”



“Don’t worry, lady. He’s too conscientious to let that slip.”



"Oh, I don't know—he's so intriguingly normal."



*“Gawd, ain’t it just like the real stuff! We do all the fightin’
an’ that dude will get all the credit.”*



"Please, dear! You were whistling. Don't make life any harder."



"Hub!"



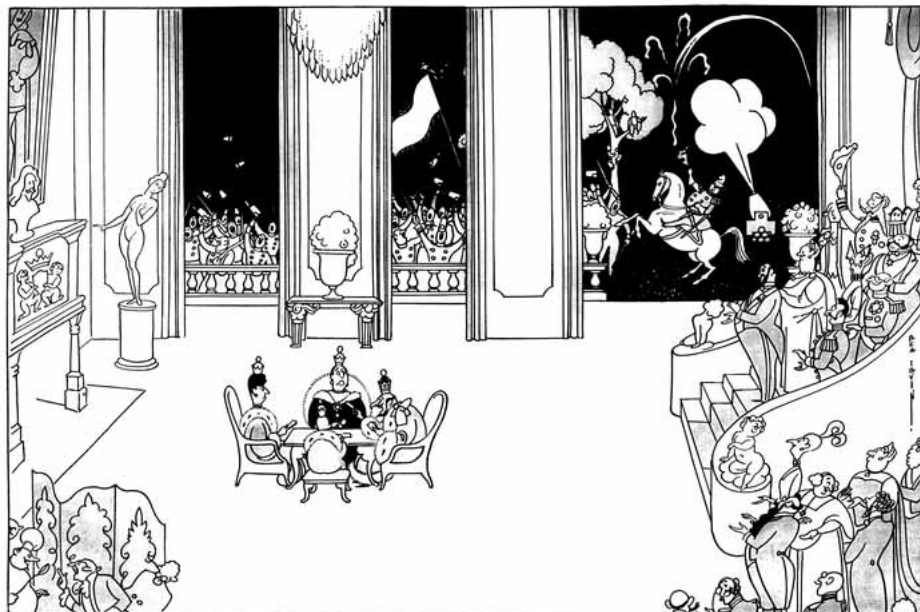


"Young man, haven't I come across you somewhere before?"

"Ah, yes. Last year, when we lived in Madison Avenue."



*“She looks like that woman I was telling you about—
that Mrs. Palley who has the parrot she’s afraid of.”*



THE KIBITZERS



"Joe, where can I get hold of a doily?"



"No. Mamma knows best."



“Now, Mr. Cartright, are you quite sure that the little trinkets will be safe?”



"She told him if he went to Pittsburgh, she'd never speak to him again—and he went to Pittsburgh."



THE DEMONSTRATION



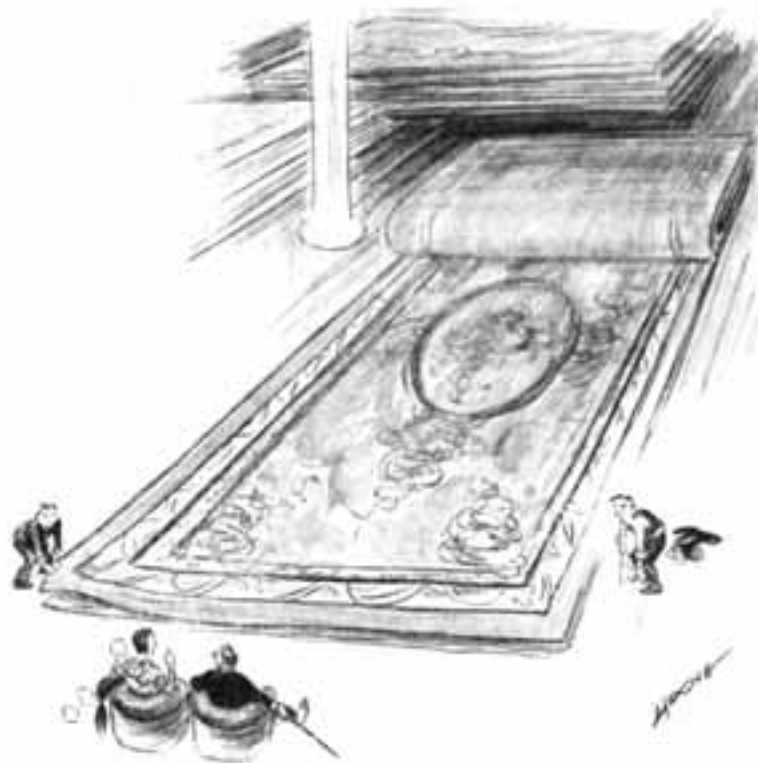
"Cornered, by Gad!"



"Pants to match your coat, mister?"



The chess player and the French pastry



“When you come down to it, Bradley, do we really need a rug?”



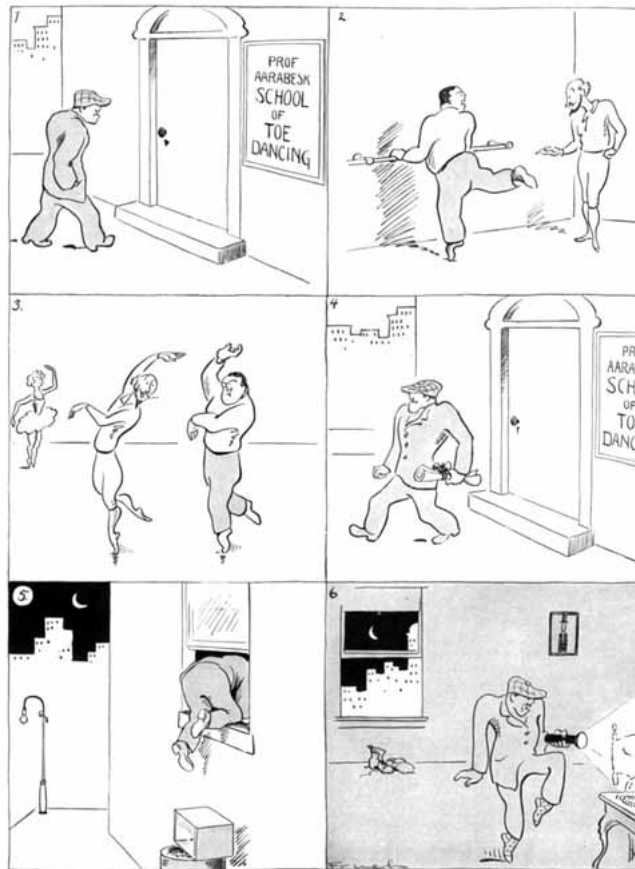
“Good evening, Baron. We’re playing murder.”



“Dear, do you think we need celery? It’s only the Crawfords.”



“Are you my roofing-problem man?”





VIRTUE'S DEFENCE & THE HAT PIN
ENG BY JOHN HELD JR AS HE CHOKES BACK HIS TRUE FEELINGS



*"Diane, darling, you're the first real experience
in my life since the Black Tom disaster."*



“ . . . and the funny part of it was, his mother let us in.”

NEW YORK, 3 A.M. (1 OF 4)



NEW YORK, 3 A.M. (2 OF 4)



NEW YORK, 3 A.M. (3 OF 4)



NEW YORK, 3 A.M. (4 OF 4)





"Cook regrets to state, Ma'am, that she's trod on the pudding."



"Have you a penthouse suited to a small dog and myself?"





“Well, I never figgered that guy for a ‘Harper’s’!”



“About what size is size eighteen, Miss?”



“But Mater, this is life in the raw.”



“Hot, ain’t it?”

*“Yeah, but that’s what
we’re down here for.”*



"I think I'll go as Clara Bow—you know, the 'It' girl."



"Some of your wife's folks?"



"Thirty cents for a glass of beer! There oughta be a law against it."



"She isn't very bright but she has wonderful associations."



"Come on, you big bums!"



*“I found that was the trouble too when I took up Rhythm
—you seem to outgrow all your old friends . . .”*



"That's funny. . . . Lincoln's Birthday never gave me any trouble before."



“So few women realize, Madame, that their lips are just a note.”



The snow-shoveler who voted for LaGuardia



The SECRET POCKET IN THE PETTISKIRT
OH MEMORY SO CRUEL, SO BITTER.
ING. BY JOHN HELD JR WHO NEVER TOOK A LESSON IN HIS LIFE



"Not now, dearest. When we get over to Sixth Avenue you can spit."



“Oh, I love Cornell. I don’t know a thing about it, but I love it.”



"Oh, Redskin!"



*“You see, she’s absolutely faithful to her inner vision
—even if against her judgment, sometimes.”*



"Nope. I say it's a cineraria or nothin' at all."



“Geez, what a swell stream we got! I hope the Chief’s looking.”





“Let’s go upstairs—it’s more exclusive.”



"This here's something new—stimulated ostrich."





“Come, come—be a sweet child.”



"Just a moment, my good man—I'm collecting cigar bands."





"Pansy, you're a poor loser. You are not a credit to the game."



“Thank Heaven the dollar is not my God.”



*“... and now may I be permitted to say twelve-fifty for
‘The Landing of General Lafayette,’ slightly chipped?”*

HAVANA



“Trois cent soixante-quinze.”
“How much is that in Cuban, daddy?”



*"Isn't it wonderful to be in this foreign atmosphere
in only forty-four hours?"*



“What is your name?”

“They just call me ‘Pal,’ Your Honor.”



*“Ruby Vallée doesn’t have to be a good actor.
Is Walter Damrosch an actor?”*



“How would you like a nice little domestic handmade?”



“Did I ever tell you about my experience?”



“Oh, meet Grace and Burton . . . everybody!”



"Have you tried numerology?"



“Mr. Stanevalski, I admire you.”



“Now, when I count three—”



*"I'm coming here some day to study this carefully.
I may buy it if it's all you say it is."*



“What I say goes! In this office I’m God!”

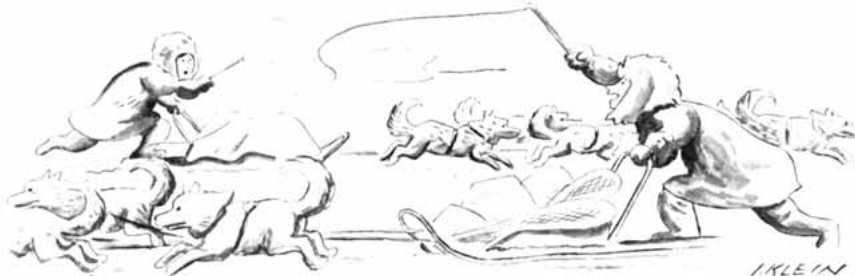


“What did you learn at Sunday school, son?”

*“Oh, just that truth is truth and love is love
and life is life and all that sort of thing.”*



"Well, well, if it isn't Mr. Browbenecker."



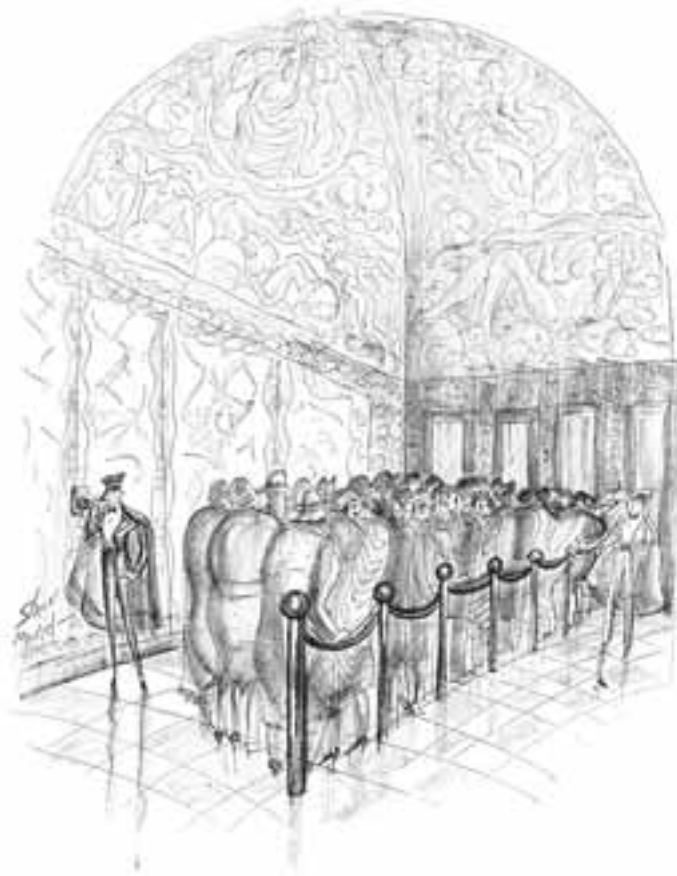
“Any mail for me?”
“Just a ‘National Geographic.’”



"You see it's only my diaphragm that needs to be taken care of."



"Why, it's Albert Meigs. You wicked old spider!"



“Lieutenant Smith speaking.”



"Do you like me in it?"
"Why, dearie, I love you in it."



“Dear Sir: We are sorry to hear you didn’t like our Wagner program and that you are having trouble with your lubrication system. In this weather we suggest you use a lighter oil. We shall give you Victor Herbert on the March 20th Hour and about April it would be all right to switch to a heavier oil. Yours truly, SUNSHINE OIL COMPANY.”



*“Mister, did you say Hundred and Twenty-fourth Street
or Two Hundred and Twenty-fourth Street?”*



“But, Mother! You haven’t lived yet.”



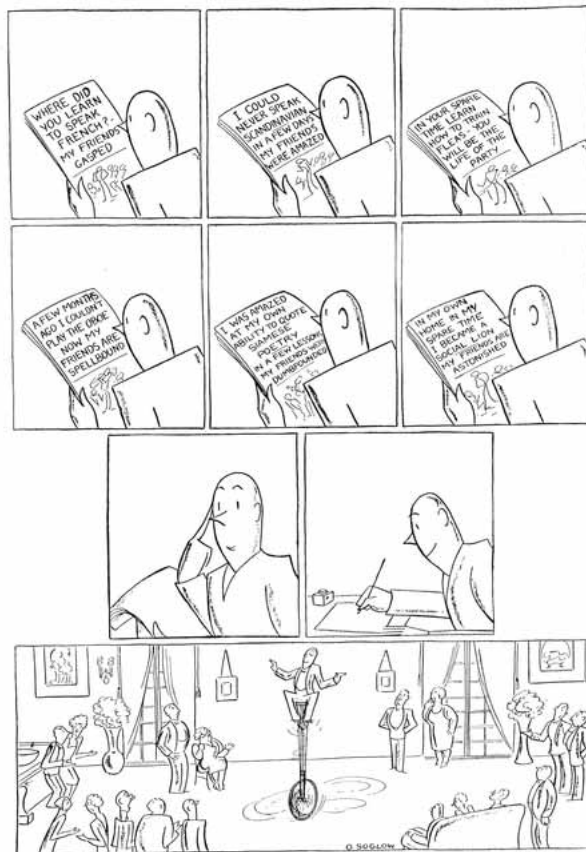
*"Whaddye know, Jo? They're puttin'
flowers on this cornish. An' me wit'
me heart set on a gargerle."*



DREAM GIRLS of a DIM DECADE
SEVEN SUTHERLAND SISTERS
ENG. BY JOHN HELD JR. SINGER OF OLD SONGS



“Say, don’t she remind you of Ruth Draper though?”





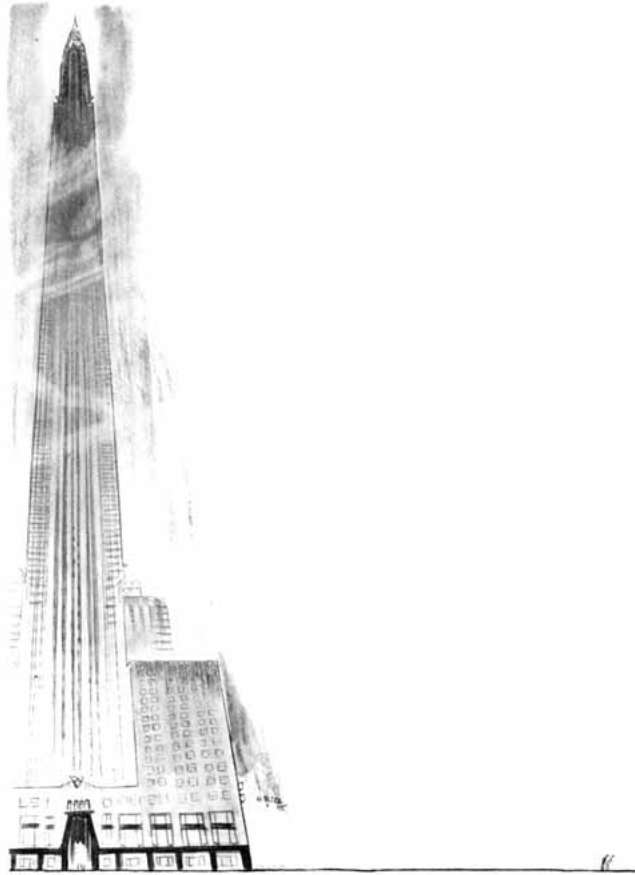
"May I show you our nine points of superiority, sir?"



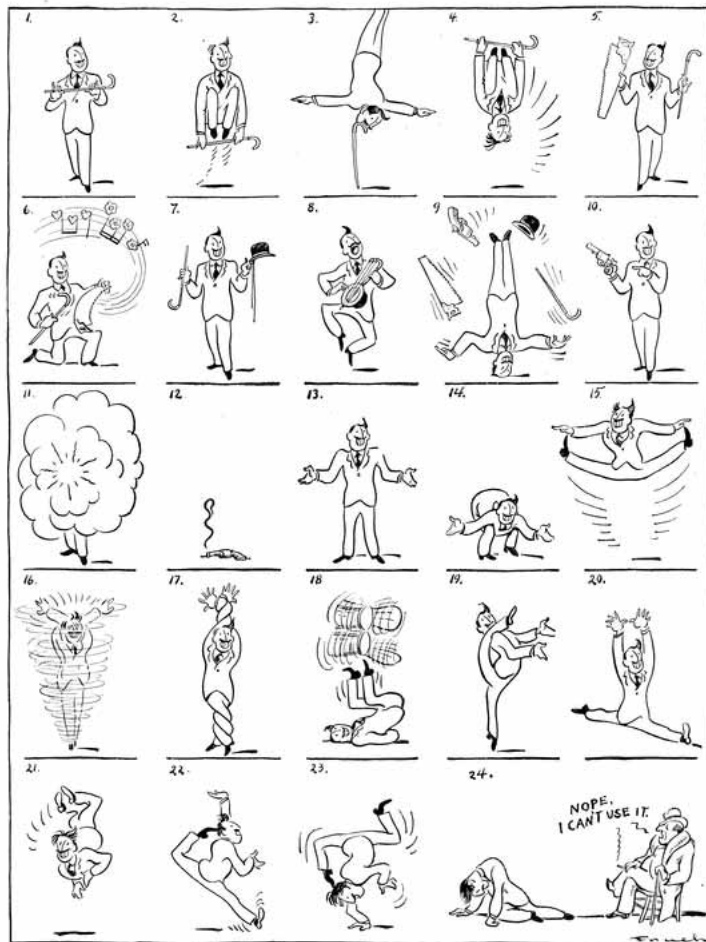
"Yoo hoo! I'm on your side."



"Damn this black carpet! I never can find my socks."



"Gives the impression of height, doesn't it?"







“How often does Mrs. Coolidge bloom in a summer?”



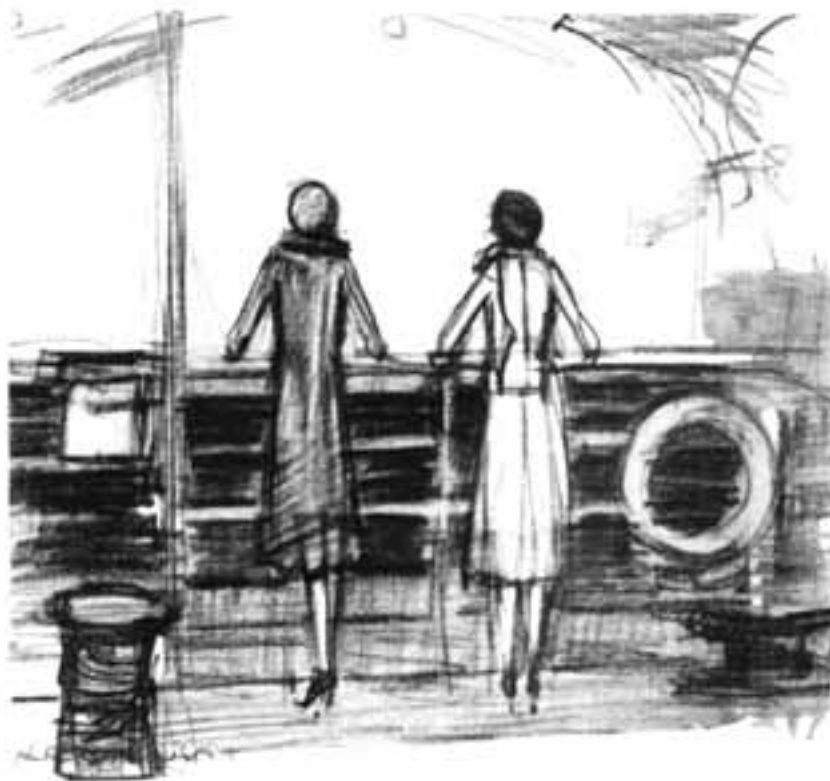
"We are going to hear from one who has sinned greatly."



"I knew him the minute I saw him. He looks exactly like he does on the screen."



"You have steam heat, I suppose?"



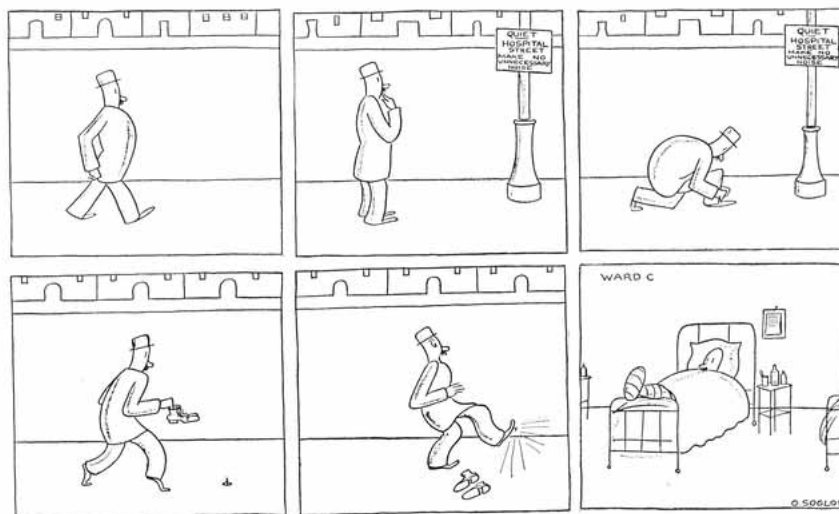
“Something is stifling me—I think it’s Mencken.”



"It's called 'The Daisy.' See, there's the daisy."



“One of these days I shall have a sandwich named after me . . .”





"How long have you been wearing colored shirts?"



"I'm sure this will solve all Madame's problems."



“You have blue eyes, haven’t you, Mrs. Thomas?”



"I want a policeman."



"I love an early spring, don't you, Mrs. McCarthy?"

AN AFTERNOON OF TWO STUDENTS OF RHYTHM



*"Let me see—
what shall we do
now, Mabel?"*



*"I know, do the
Tschaskowsky!"*



*"Let me see—
what shall we do
now, Ethel?"*



*"I know. Let's do
the Heroic!"*



*"Let me see— what
shall we do now,
Mabel?"*



*"I know. Let's go get
a chocolate frosted
malted milk!"*





"I gave in to her, Ma'am, that's where I made my mistake."



"This is to be their living-room."

"My dear, not really!"



“Oh, I don’t mind taking chances with a strange fellah at noontime.”



“S-sss-sh!”



"I've been turning over the Austrian Tyrol in my mind."

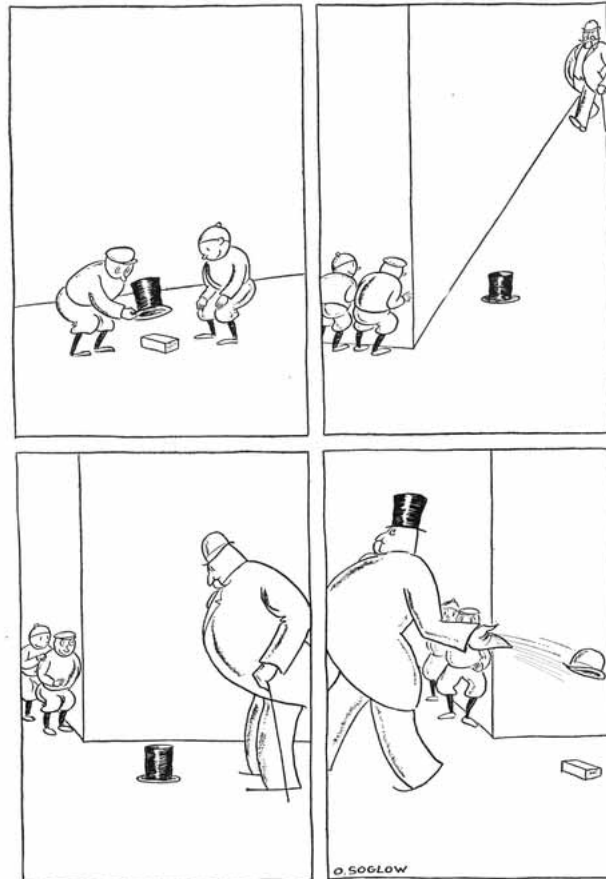


"Shall I pour you another little drink, Mima?"

"Wait till Dr. Cadman gets through with me."



"I understand the one on the left is the brains of the act."





"I knows beauty when I sees it. That's why I left it to the last."



*“And to whom shall I charge this,
Mrs. Barclay-Whittaker-Gunn-Muzzey?”*



"Say, Mister, got any books by Houdini?"

CHILDREN'S CONCERT (1 OF 5)



CHILDREN'S CONCERT (2 OF 5)



The Earnest Arrival

CHILDREN'S CONCERT (3 OF 5)



“See, darling? They’re going to play Wagner. You know, Wagner.”

CHILDREN'S CONCERT (4 OF 5)



All together, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home"

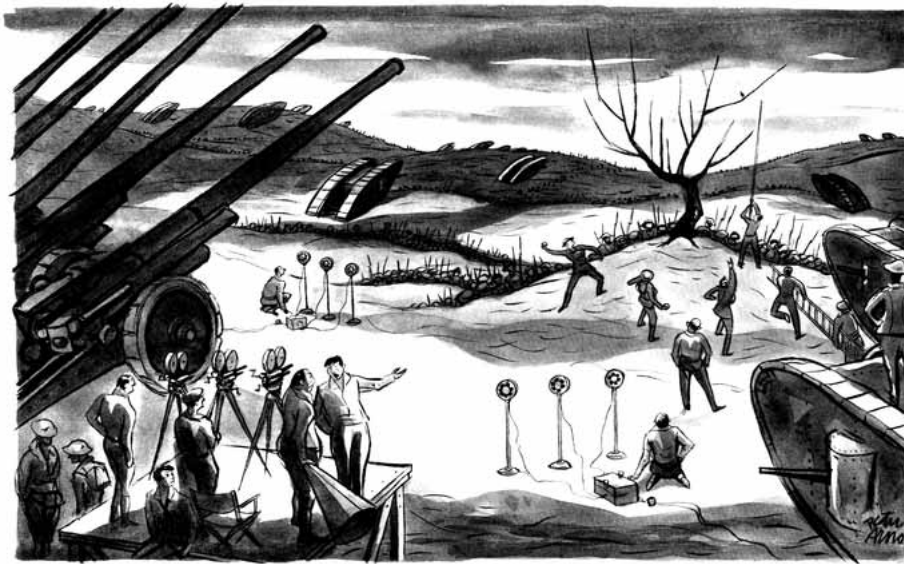
CHILDREN'S CONCERT (5 OF 5)



Hoping to kindle the spark of musical genius



“Look what I found—isn’t she sweet?”



"Well, we can't start till we get that robin out of there."



*“Better take your cane, dearest. There’s some talk
about our Victrola not being paid for.”*



“Y’know, Morley, we’re selfish as the very devil.”



A Dainty Requisite of Milady's Lingerie **THE DUST RUFFLE**
Eng. by **JOHN HELD JR** and there is no fool like an old fool.



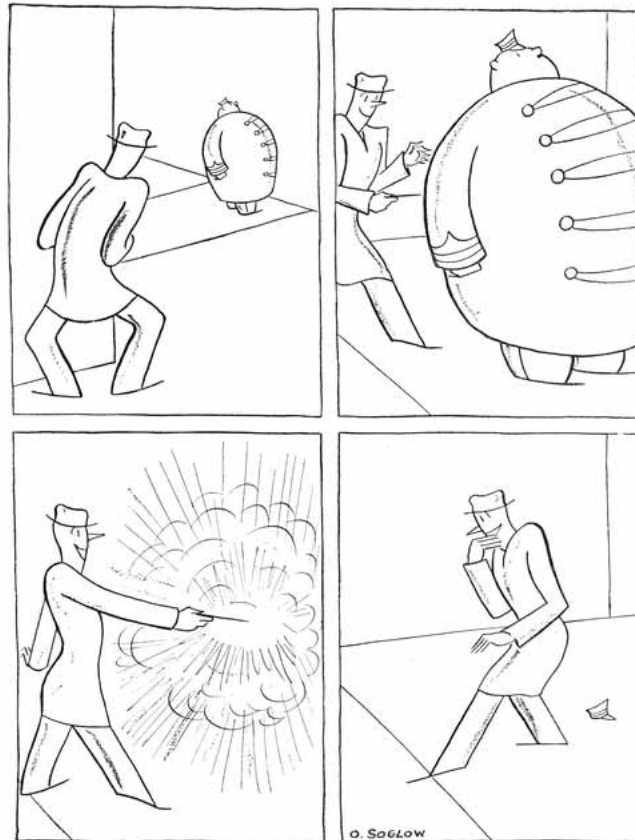
"No, Bill, I can't marry you. I care only for the abstract in art."



"What d'ya say we move the business centre over to Hoover Boulevard?"



“Well, we’ve simply got to write to the Department of Agriculture.”





*“Just a minute—that isn’t much fun for Mrs. Mayhew.
Mr. Mayhew, will you sit over here, please?”*



“Look, a new beauty mud! What won’t science do next!”



*“Listen, Estelle! Tuesday I’m having lunch with an author!
Do you want to have tea with me afterwards?”*



*"Occupation?"
"Coal, ice, and da wood."*



"I know I've lost at least ten pounds, though the scales don't show it."



“Well, Corbin, has San Francisco got anything on this for atmosphere?”



Nora Benjamin (4/12/1930)

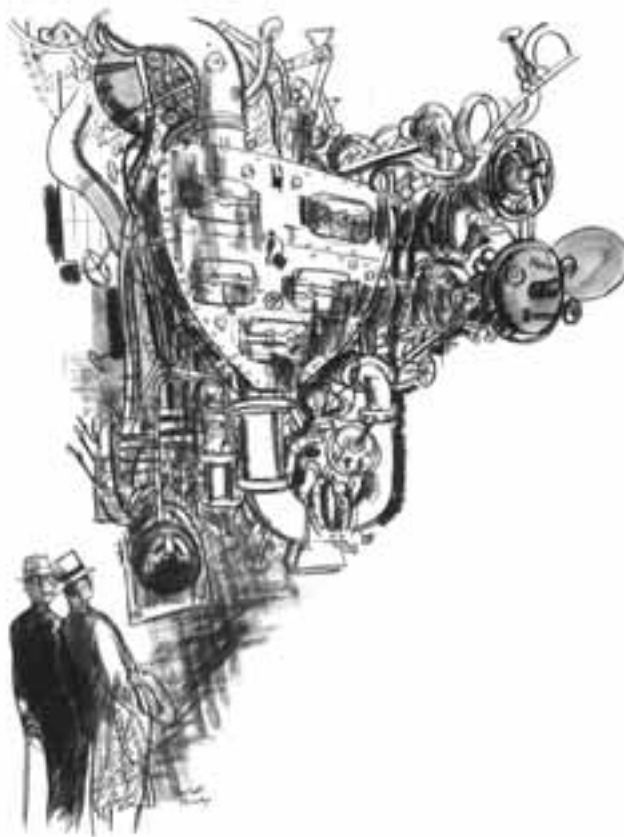
[Return to Main Menu](#) ►



"My God, we're out of gin!"



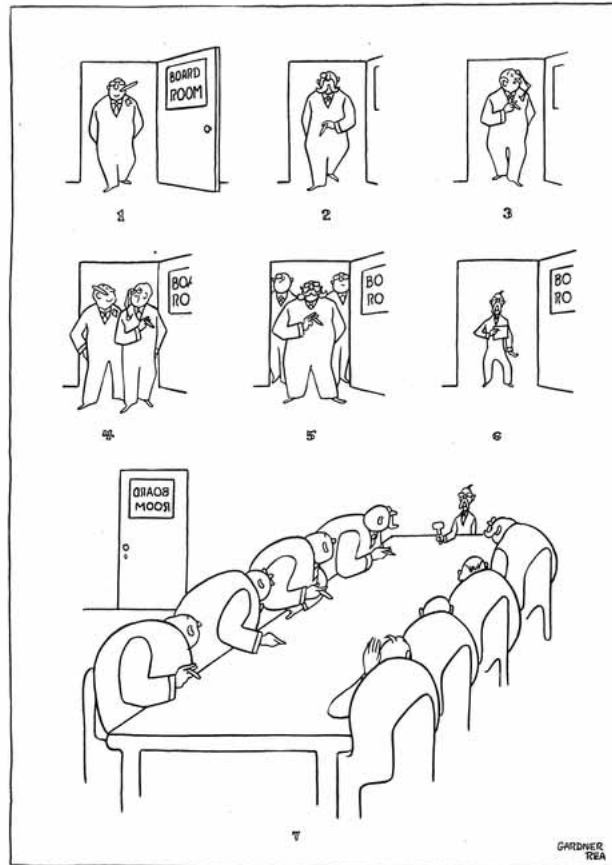
"I think it's so nice for a musician to have two sides."



"I wonder what Bolitho would say about that."



“Ever since Eddie bought a tuxedo all he reads is the society news.”



THE CONFERENCE



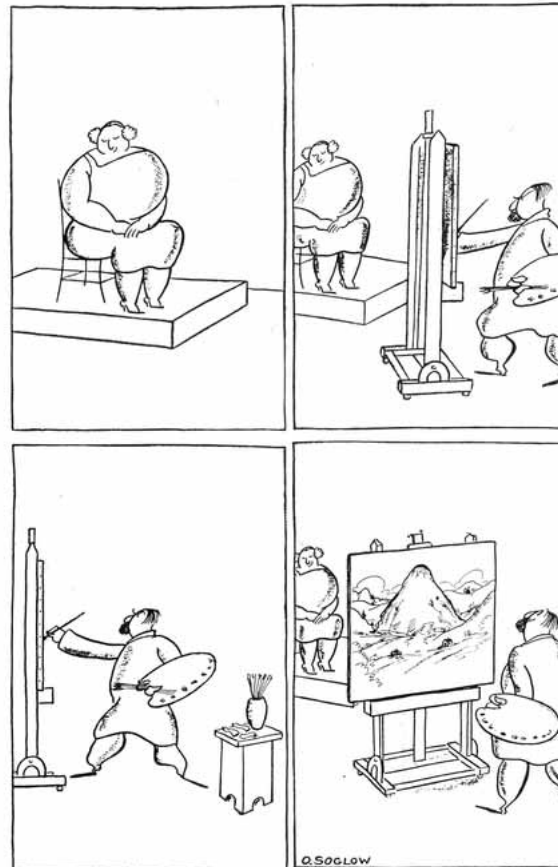
“Well, where d’ya want it, sonny boy?”



“Couldn’t you send us a nice, good-looking radical—who isn’t too upsetting?”



"Pssst! The nurse just phoned. You got triplets."

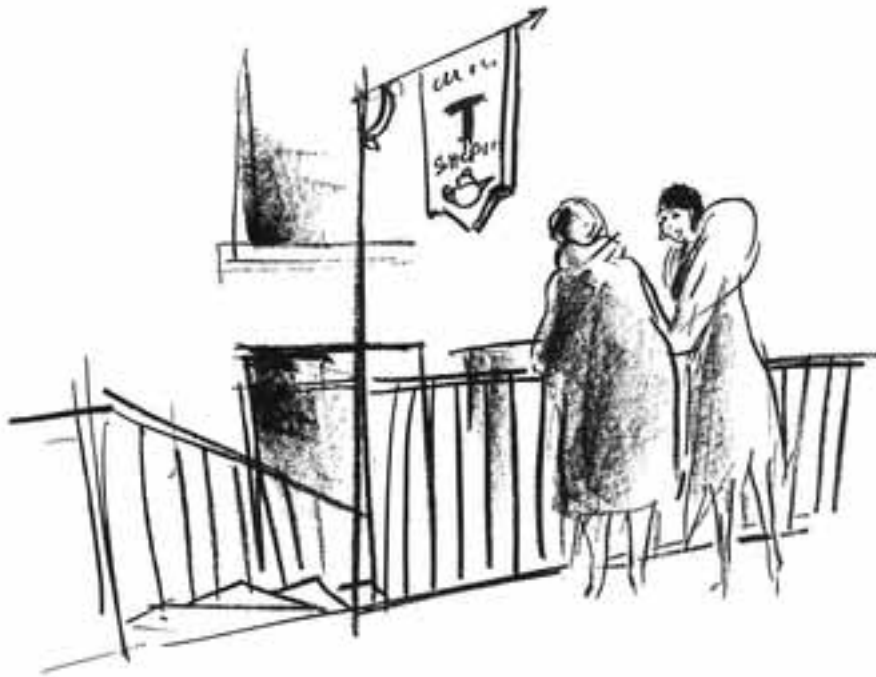




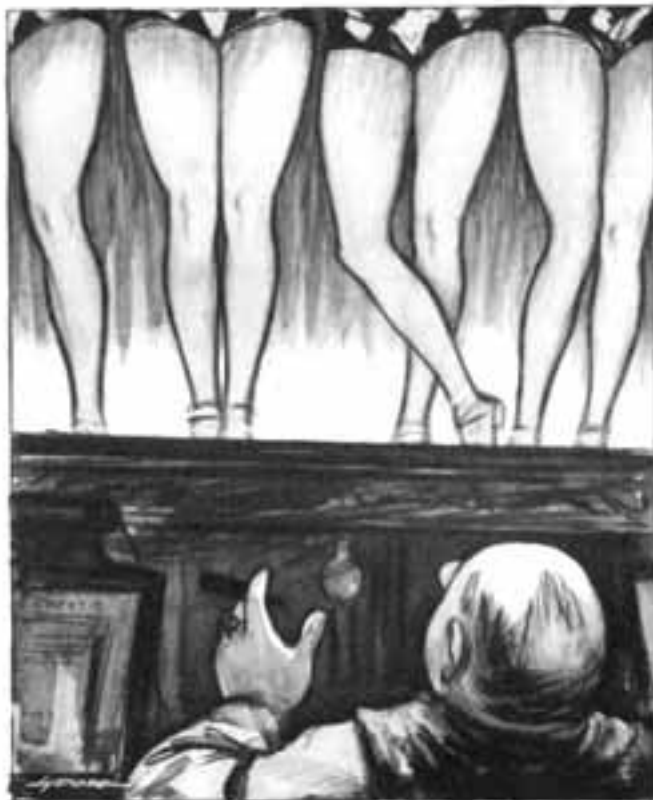
“Rather interesting biological motive, Madame.”



“What kind of shoes, Madame? Shoes to walk in?”



"It ought to be pretty good tea—they sell books."



"All right, girls, let's see some personality."

BANQUET (1 OF 3)



Unprepared as they are . . .

BANQUET (2 OF 3)



“There are smiles that . . .”

BANQUET (3 OF 3)



“And now, boys, the message I want you to take home . . .”



*"I'm sorry, Ma'am, but this gentleman would like
to have a look at the apartment."*



*"You know, ever since I heard the truth about Santa Claus
I've been simply mad to get the lowdown on Easter."*



*“Dear Fellow Globe-Trotter: This is an invitation
to you to join our International Travel Club. . . .”*



"She's got a complex about big dogs."



“Jupiter, I wish we’d get the seven-cent fare! I’m sick o’ nickels.”



“Excuse me, Miss, but how do you spell ‘nonchalant’?”



"My God! My husband!"



“Oh, he was the funniest thing last Saturday.”



"Cripes! Look at the shoulders on them guys."





"I get so sick of sayin' 'cawn't' all day I could scream."



"Here it is, but I don't see no book-review section."



*"Oh, please, please, Dad, give me a church wedding!
I'll pay for anything I break out of my allowance."*



“Hey, where the hell do you think you’re going?”



"Ah, Alice, Spring again—the mating season!"

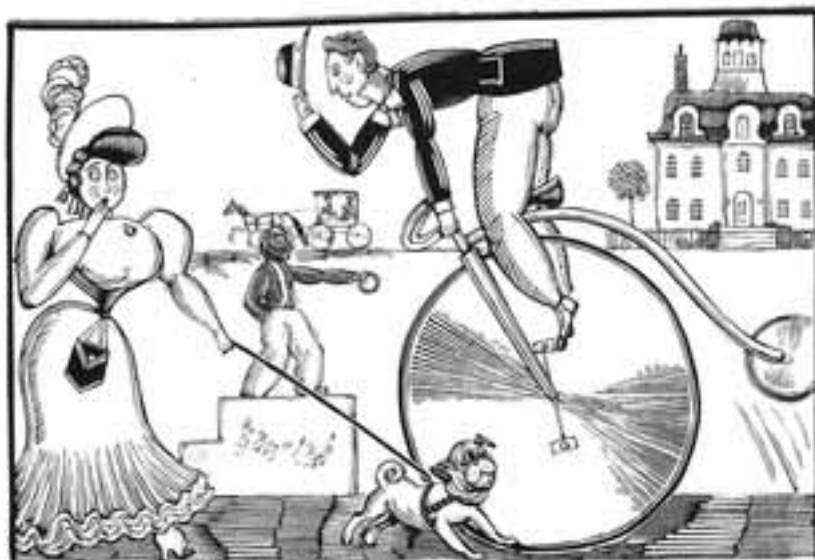


“You great big man! Where’ve you been all my life?”

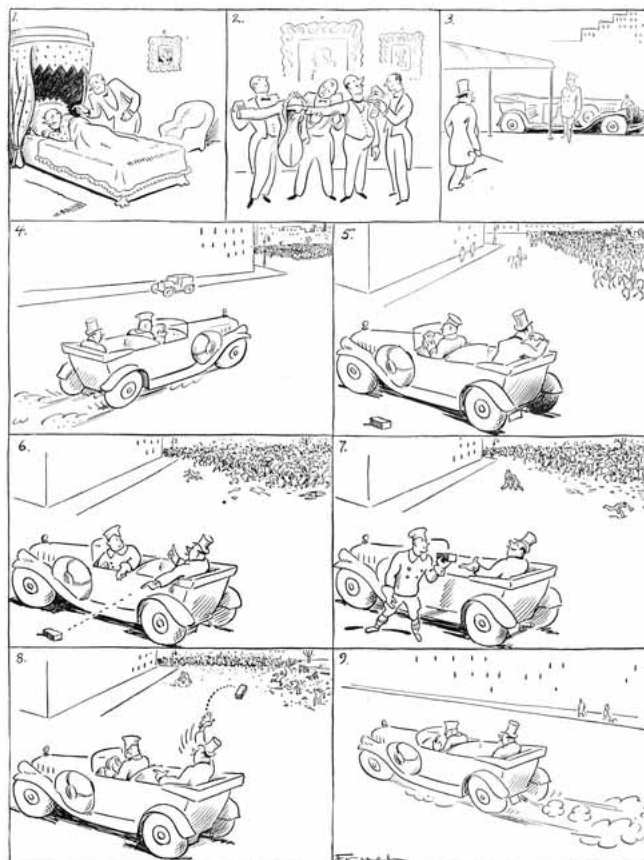
“Oswego.”



“The new planet has changed everything. I have to alter your encounter with a dark woman to a capacity for hard, arduous work.”



One of the DANGERS of riding a WHEEL on the Sidewalk. Eng. by JOHN HELD JR in a moment of whimsy



A FORMER MAN OF THE PEOPLE, GROWN WEALTHY,
ATTENDS A MAY-DAY RIOT



*“She’s such an April child—today gay and happy,
tomorrow melancholy and depressed.”*



"Have you any house rules? I'm a pigeon-fancier."



"It's a little cottage pudding, dearie."



“Now see here, Ira! You paid for the trip to Chinatown!”



"That's the original shoestring I started on."



“Would you care to see them on my arm?”

“Oh—er—that’s really all I could ask.”



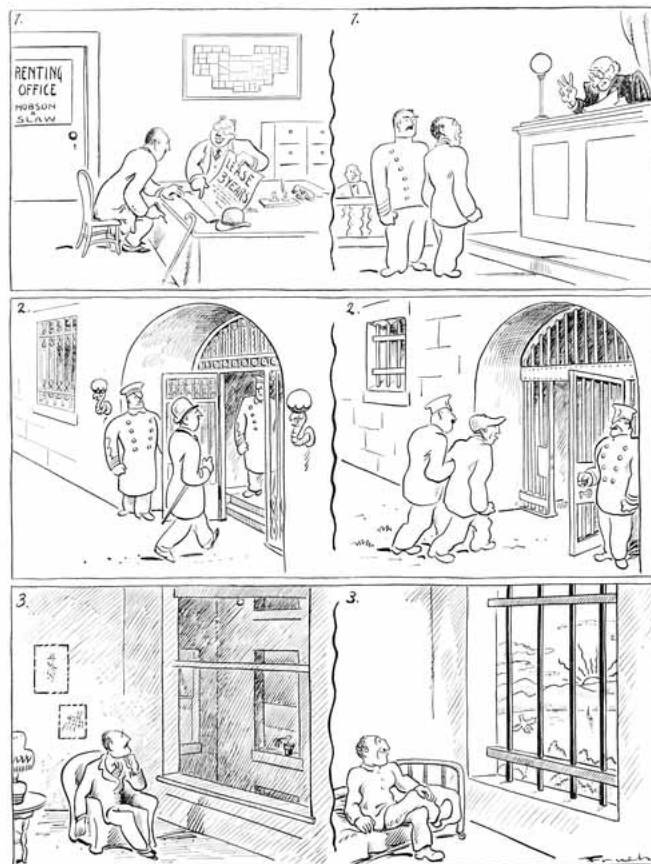
“Young man, do you expect me to believe that nice old lady shot him?”



"No, Andrew won't sell that love seat. He says he's saving it for a den he's going to have some day."



“But you can’t just ignore Humanism.”



LIBERTY



*"But the painter insists on mauve,
dear, his mind is very inelastic."*



*“... and then, sir, fer a couple o’ years we lived in
Ozone Park, to be near her friends.”*



“Good night, Mrs. Parker. It’s been perfectly charming.”



“Why take it so hard—there’s lots of other girls in the world, aren’t there?”

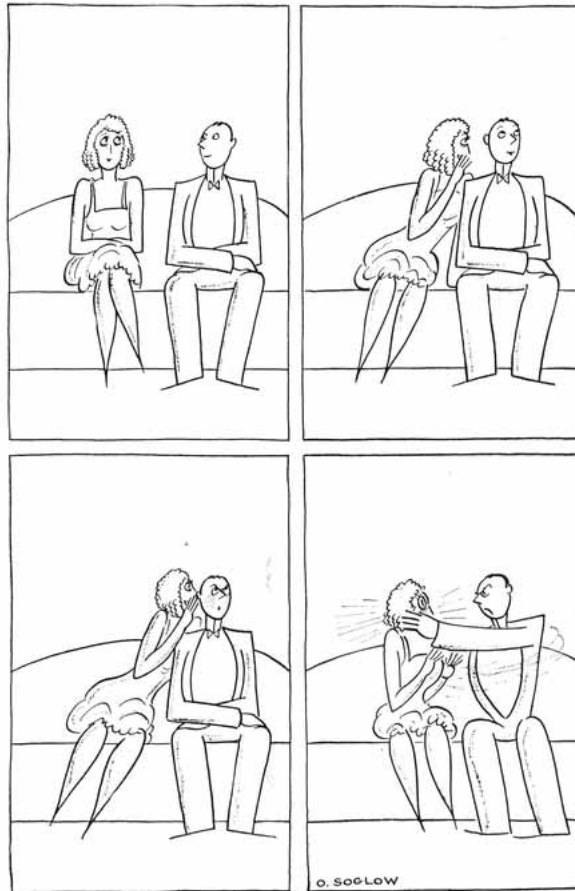
“I know, but what am I going to do tonight?”



"How much is this one?"



“You’ve got to hand it to him. He started life as a choirboy.”





"Oh, you have a customer drying!"





“Am I going to have trouble with the Fascisti?”



“And I says ‘If you put me down with those mummies, I’ll go mad!’”



The noiseless subway turnstile is nothing new to some people



“Miss Woosle?”

“Yes.”

*“This is ‘Real True Stories Magazine.’ We want
you to know we have accepted the story of your life.”*



*“... and what was that woman’s name? You know,
the one we liked her husband so much.”*



"We call 'em drop cakes but they're really cup cakes."



*“Good morning. Could I interest you in a
hunnert-and-eight-piece chinar set this morning?”*



“Good Lord! Here comes that impossible yak again!”



"Tip over?"



"See! He remembers you."



*“Listen, Joe—I almost forgot about Mother’s Day.
Send me another case of Three Star.”*



“Use ya brains, man—use ya brains!”



“Good morning, sir. Ruth clouts two homers this morning, sir.”



*"You see, Madame, every woman reaches
the point where she needs a stimulant."*



"I guess I'll have to talk it over with the wife."



"Morning, dear—what's new?"



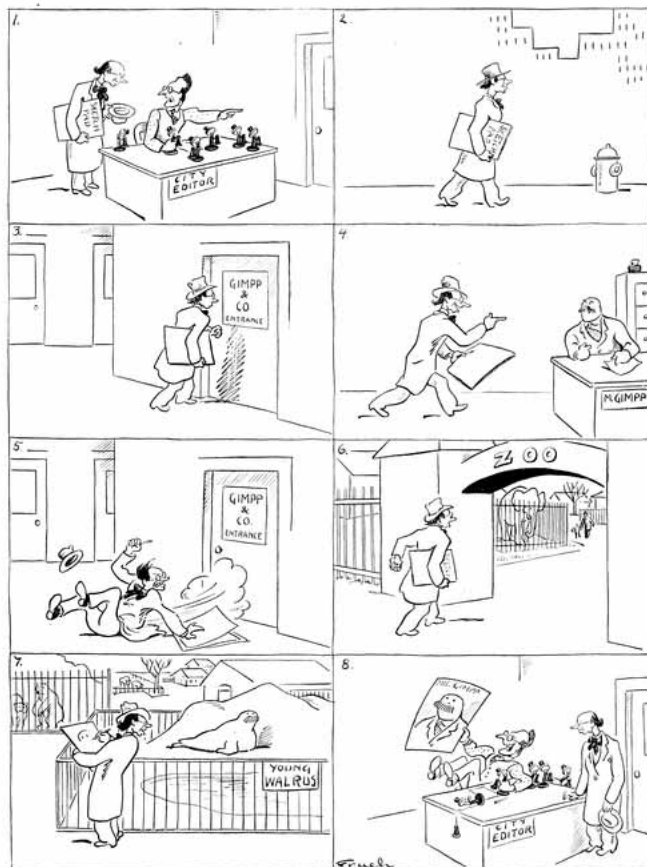
"Not now, Junior. Some other time maybe."



*“My exercises were shut off this morning for an
S.O.S. and I haven’t felt right all day.”*



Off to lunch at Alice Foote McDougall's



THE CARICATURIST GETS HIS MAN



*“It’s awful of me to say that about her—but
it’s interesting character, don’t you think?”*



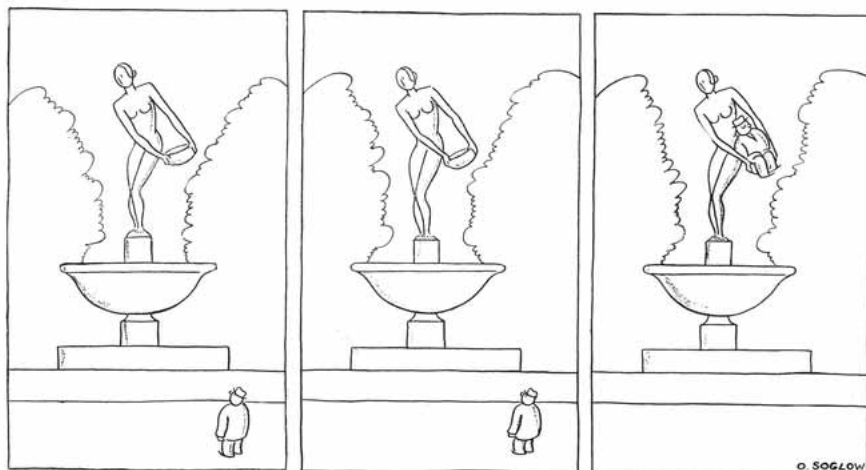
"But my dear Mrs. Van Kip, you distinctly told me to put an outdoor theatre on your Glen Head estate, and not a bird-bath."

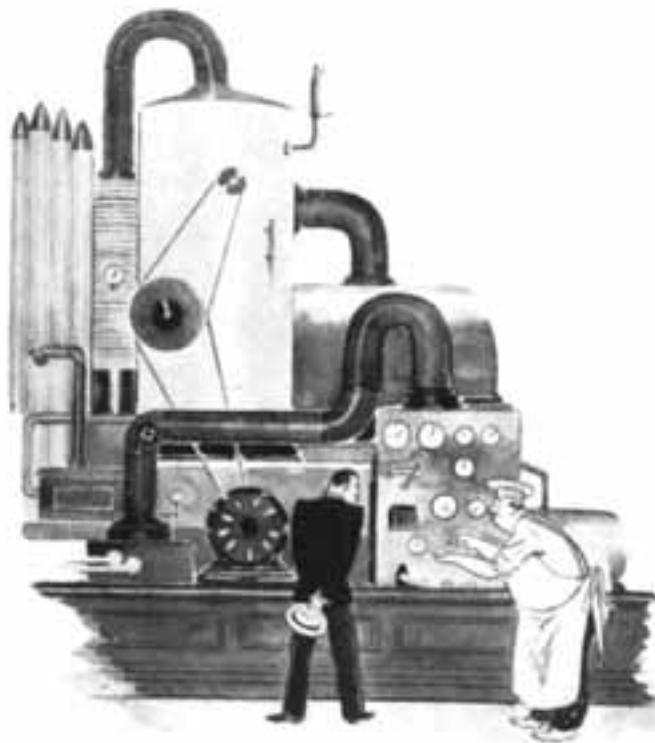


“What! No left turns at all?”



“My Gawd, don’t your kind never eat?”





*"The beauty of this machine is that it
boils the egg exactly three minutes!"*

GOTHAM CHRONICLE.



GANDY, World's Strongest Man, GIVES PRIVATE SESSIONS for the LOVE of MAYOR LA GUARDIA. (THE LOVE GUY)



"You see, I want to frame my face."



"Let's go in here. Metro-Goldwyn pictures are always good."



"Please, sweetheart, don't spoil my dream!"



“Avez-vous ‘Ulysses’?”



"I've forgotten already—my mind works so fast."



“There’s your trouble with Number Three. He don’t submerge himself.”



"Watch your car, Mister? I'm the toughest kid on the block."



"All right, boys, down she comes."



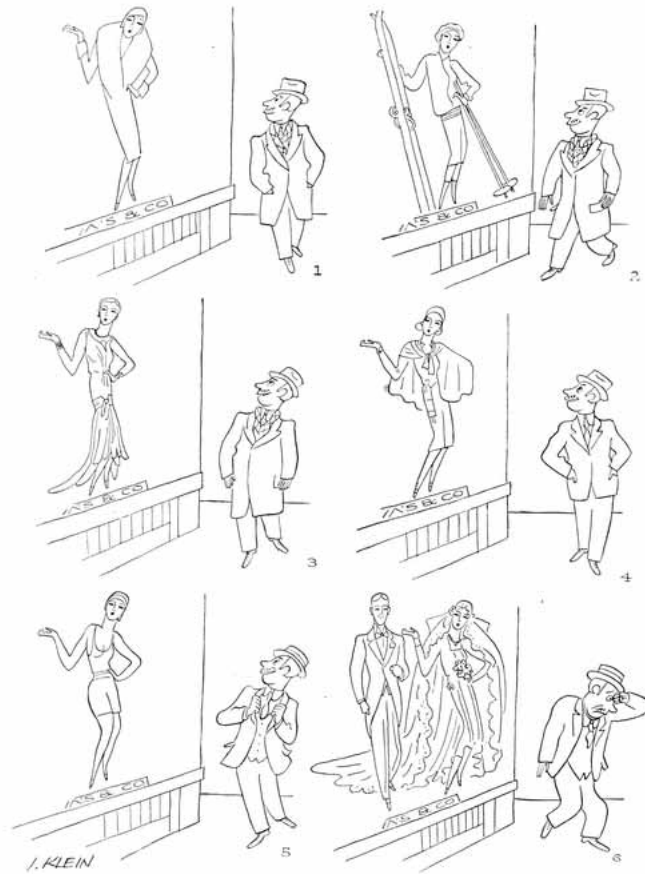
*“Mis’ Rankin, may I ask how you liked mah
cousin George in ‘De Green Pastures?’”*



“Oh, I never fall in love with my doctor—practically.”



"Now folks, we're not scientists here. We talk facts."





"Peter darling, you can come back just as soon as I finish dressing."

GOTHAM CHRONICLE.



COMMODORE NUTT and GENERAL Tom Thumb, GENTLEMEN in miniature, FIGHT IT OUT for the FAVOURS of LAVINIA WARREN in the dressing room of BARNUM'S MUSEUM.



*"I forget the name of the piece, but there was something
in it about 'I love you, I love you, baby.'"*



“Wait, I call de butler. He knows more den I do.”



“Mother, how do you get mixed up with a woman?”



"I'm in a rut, Joe, a rut."



“Wouldn’t this make the dearest tearoom!”



*“What have you done to help preserve our
bird and flower life, Mr. Dent?”*



*"Someday it would be nice to go back and
visit my old parents on the fourth floor."*



"Now quit starin' that way—you make me noivous."





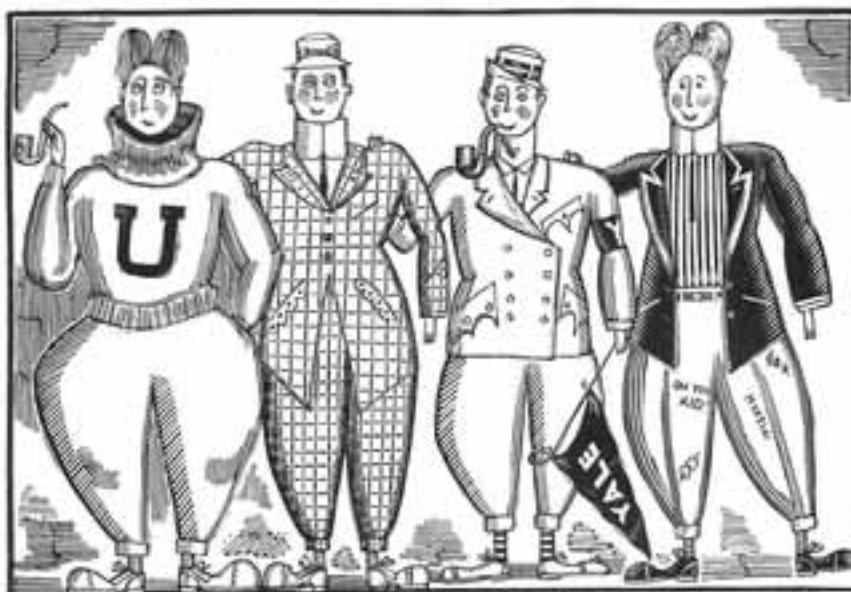
“... and to this day my mother doesn't know how to bathe a baby.”



“Hey! Quit that splashing—where do you think you are!”



*“Well, all right. Just one more slice and then
I must be getting on with my diet.”*



Through the Dim Haze of Memory Comes
KLASZY KUT KOLLEGE KLOTHES
ENGRAVED BY JOHN HELD, JR. AN OLD ALUMNUS





“What do you think?”



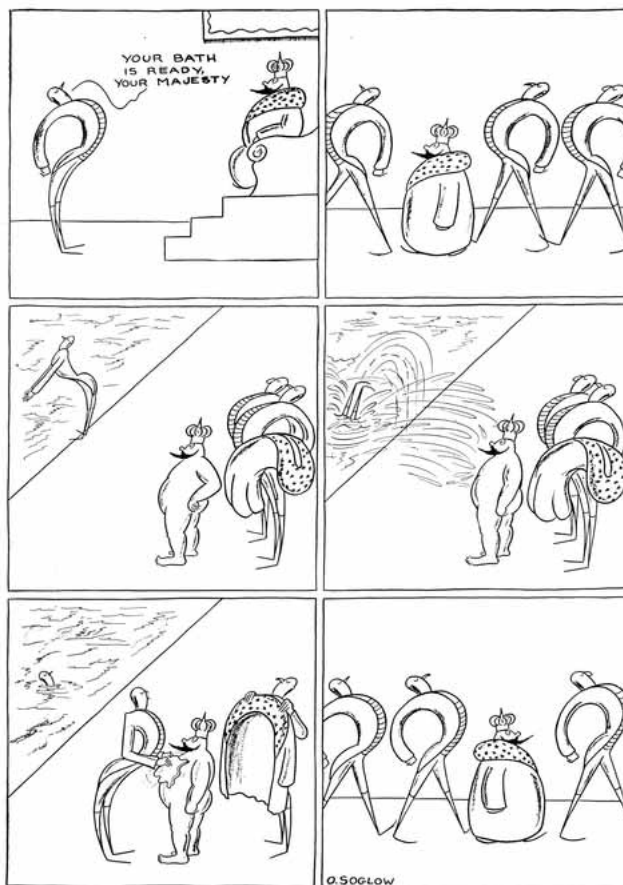
*"I'm so glad to be here and see Mother married.
The time before I was sick."*



*"There's that cerise wrap again. I don't believe he has
another rag to his name."*



“Well, I have a husband, but I don’t know what to do about it.”





"I definitely intend to be an architect, now I come to think of it."



“All right, make it two gross of the hair-nets.”

“All right, then, two gross.”



“Then something snapped inside—and I let myself go.”



"Are you a 'gentleman's valet'?"

"Hardly that, sir, but I am 'the bachelor's friend'."



*“Pssst! Have you told Junior about—
er—you know—the facts, yet?”*



"Break that an' I'll smack yer!"



"Miss Smythe, have you an extra constitution for Mrs. Wembley?"

1930
GOTHAM CHRONICLE.



THE BLACK EYE CURED ESTABLISHMENTS DO a thriving BUSINESS after GUNSHOT AND BOMBING relaxations. (The Coevival 80's)





“You say the left rear wheel is caught in the grape arbor?”

COMMENCEMENT WEEK—WEST POINT (1 OF 3)



COMMENCEMENT WEEK—WEST POINT (2 OF 3)



Alice Harvey (6/14/1930)

[Return to Main Menu](#) ►

COMMENCEMENT WEEK—WEST POINT (3 OF 3)





“Er—is that you, Gwendolyn? I believe this is our dance, Gwendolyn.”



"A small pineapple drink, please."



“To think I let that slip through my fingers!”



*“Please dear—I know all about it’s being Flag Day,
but don’t drink anymore!”*



“There’s a little job I did last week.”





“But suppose I shouldn’t care for the little-known fastnesses of Zambesi?”



“The only trouble with this park is you can’t see no clock.”



"And when I got home, there he was, writing a novel."



*“To the Gods—to the Fates—to the Rulers of Men
and their Destinies . . .”*



"I think I'll take the murder."



“You know, movie stars don’t look a bit better than we do off the stage.”



“Now let’s see—you came in here originally for a package of cigarettes?”



"These beans will jump fourteen or fifteen times more than the ordinary jumping beans, folks."



“Yoo-hoo—Donald! Watch me!”



“Even if I liked what you like, we’d be at a standstill emotionally.”



"Know any dirt, Charlie?"



HAPPENING OF THE FUTURE
*A Zeppelin bound for the Empire State Building
runs afoul the Chrysler mast*

Garrett Price (6/21/1930)

[Return to Main Menu](#) ►



"Have enough whiskey, with plenty of White Rock and ginger ale. We're leaving to inspect the factory in an hour."



"Just a few more bends, Officer, an' I'll be on me way."



“Didn’t you love the part where he stepped on a banana peel?”



“Darn—you just can’t keep up with these summer showers!”



“Just what is this Yankee Clipper to Boston?”

1930
GOTHAM CHRONICLE.



The **PRINCE** of WALES (later EDWARD VII) slips out of his hotel for a High *OLD TIME* on his first night in *NEW YORK*.
(1861)



*"Just a minute, Madam; I'm going to show you
just what you have in your mind."*



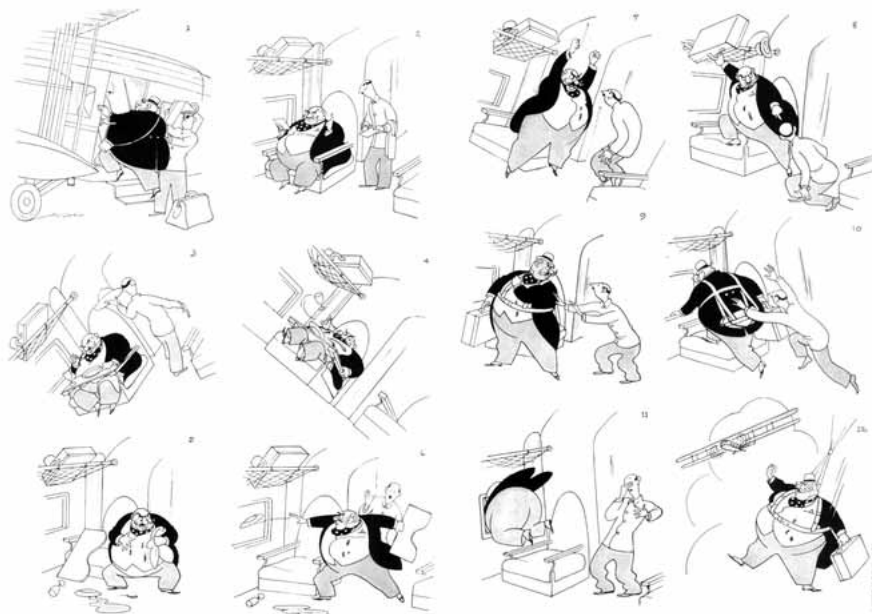
*"I dunno what to do about them Bleeding Hearts, Mum.
I've just thought and thought till my head hurt."*



“Remember? I explained to you about a cadenza.”



“Junior, I’m glad to say we’ve noticed a marked improvement in your attitude toward us.”



THE COLONEL GOES UP



"Oh, I wouldn't try to mold a man over thirty."



"Get in that bathtub before I push you in!"



“Remember, any guy can learn to play the notes. What you’ve got to get is to bob the shoulders and close the old eyes.”



THE HONEYMOON

ENG. BY JOHN HELD JR. WHO IS JUST AN OLD FASHIONED LAD



"If it weren't for card tricks, I'd be an atheist."



*"It's going to be the biggest, or the tallest, or
the somethingest building in the city."*



"It can't be true. He must be advertising something."



“Where are the mules?”



“Oh, I have terribly aloof moods—you’ll see when you get to know me.”



"Mrs. Fenwick? I'm here to remove the bung."



"But darling, this is a ship."



“Now stop and think a minute—did I bite you?”



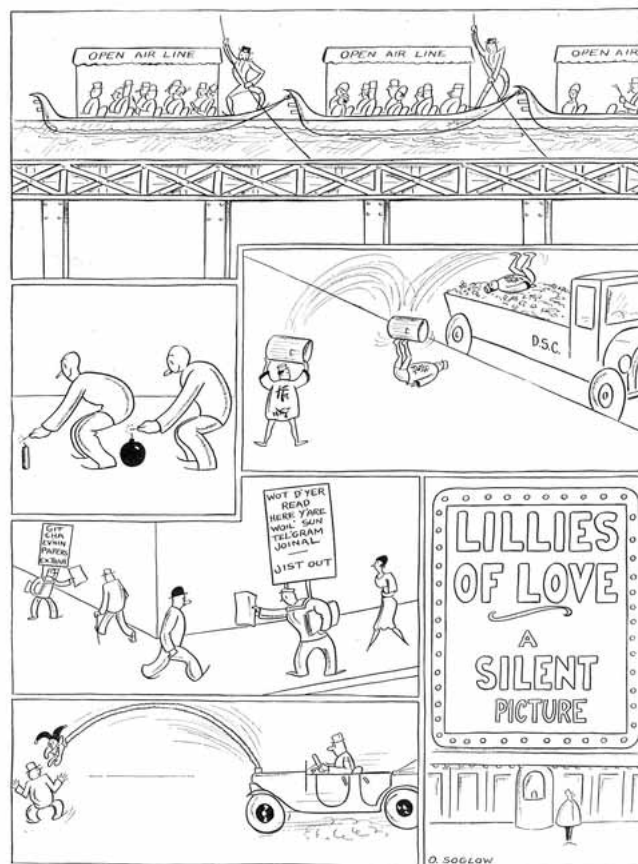
"Is it English tailoring? Didn't I cut it with my own hands!"



"Imagine! Stuffed Indians!"



“Just one more chapter, sir, and I promise you I’ll go to bed.”



ABATING THE NOISE EVIL



“Our last ball.”

“Thank God!”



"Oh, there's nobody here."



Fire-Eater's Wife: "Hurry, dear, you'll be late for the show."



“Don’t correct her, dear. Suggest something else.”



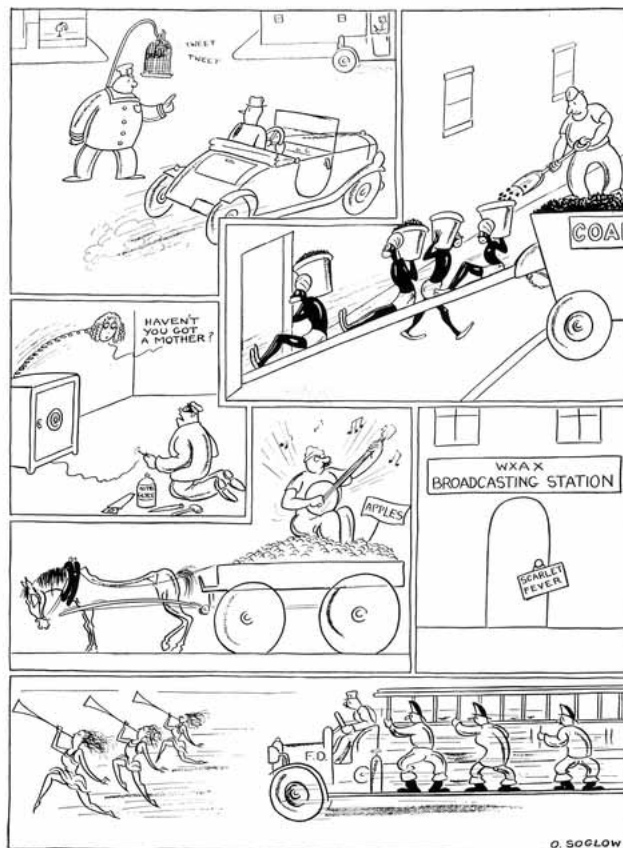
“Yeah, he’s good-looking—but I guess you know hairdressers, dearie.”



"Would sugar help? If so, I have some."



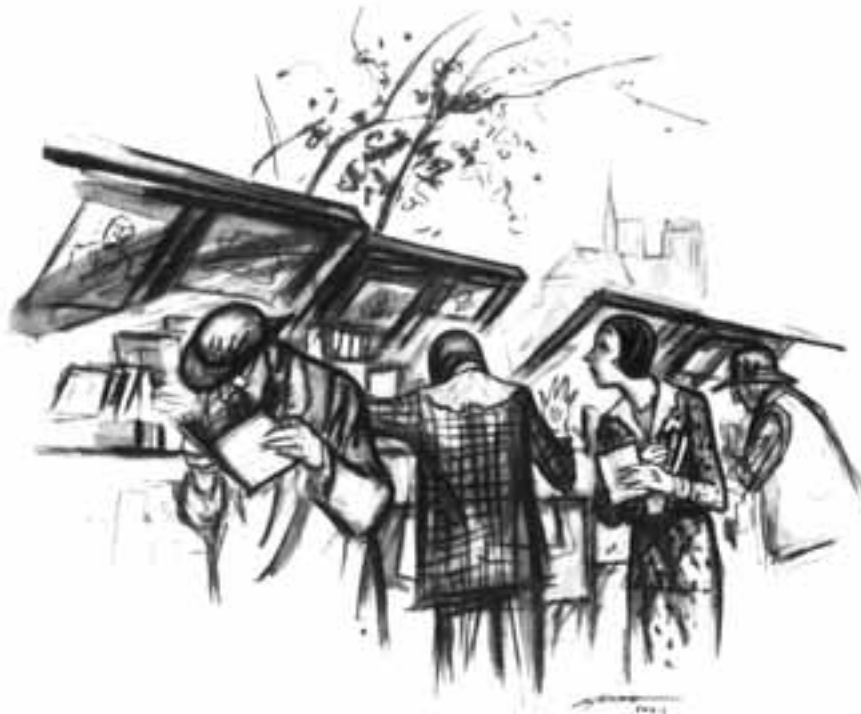
“Well, well, if it isn’t Mr. Peiftler, of Peiftler, Morgan & Peiftler!”



ABATING THE NOISE EVIL



"Somethin' disagreein' with you, lambie?"



“Oh, my dear, what a find—a copy of ‘Good Housekeeping.’”



“And you really don’t mind my being a college girl?”



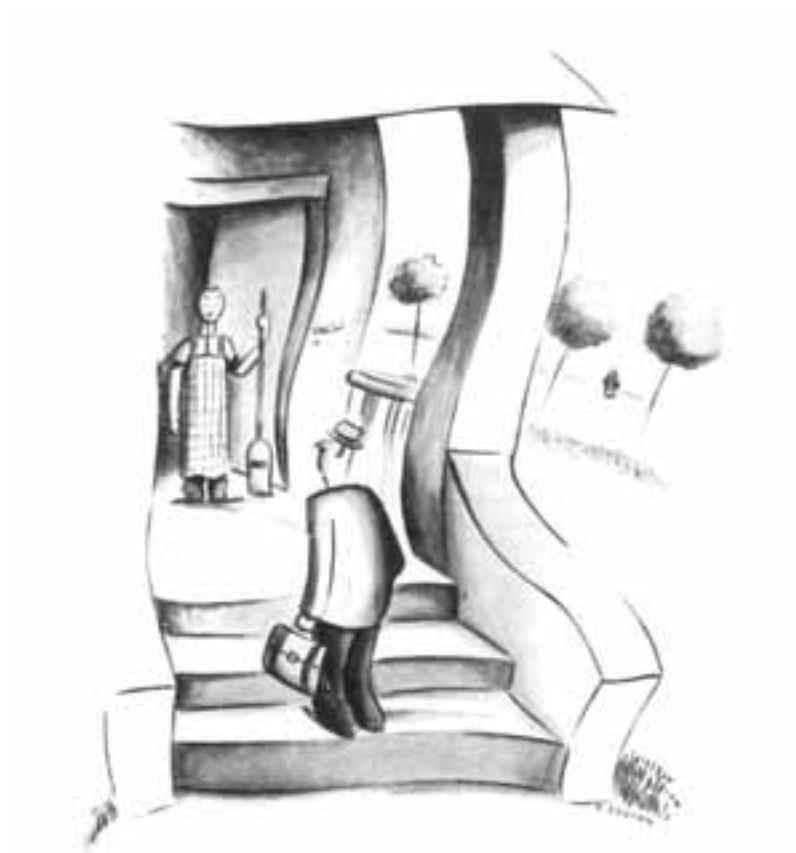
*“Doesn’t it frighten you, Edward, when you
stop to think that we are only an atom?”*



"Here's a novelty—an all-day sucker just lousy with nuts."



"It's funny—the minute I put a few beads on I'm a different person."



“Good morning. Is the lady of the house in?”



"Of course I've had a lotta offers from the 'Telegram.'"



"Send one out to my house and as soon as you find out the name of it, let me know."



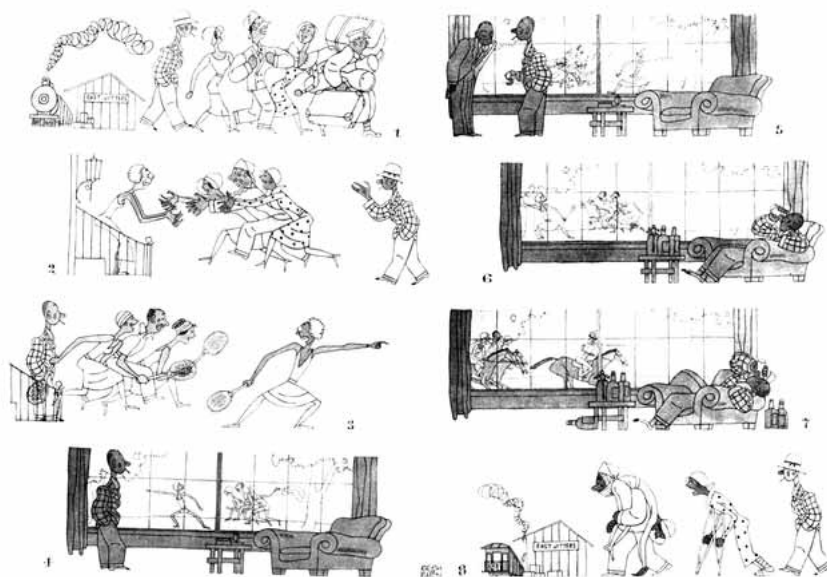
"Ivy, who was secretary of state in Cleveland's administration?"



“God, Major! Keep your tail up!”



*"His father wants him to be a lawyer, but I want him to go into a bank.
It's always so nice and cool in a bank."*



A HEALTHFUL WEEKEND IN THE COUNTRY



“Which one of us do you think he wants?”



"Petunias would look nice."



“Well, I suppose I have an Oriental attitude toward women—”



*“If I’m only standin’ on my rights I’m
doin’ sumpn fer my country, ain’t I?”*



"Oh, don't cry! I'm going to get it for you."



"You either turn out the letter 'T' or I leave this hotel."



"Hello, Ed, what's new?"





“We might have dinner together sometime—huh, Louise?”



"Perfect."



*"That guy on the beach tried to start up an acquaintance with me,
but you know how hard it is to judge anyone in a bathing suit."*





"It's not only a coyote call—it's got to be a hungry coyote call."



COUNTRY LIFE IN AMERICA
Blossom Time



“No—‘T-o-t-s T-o-g-s.’”



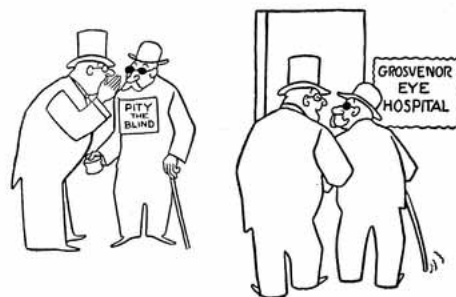
"Can I have a lock of your hair, Joe, to remember you by?"



"All I wear under this is my underwear."



"Look how fast they go! I guess they're not a Student Tour like we are."





“Damned if it ain’t Bill! What are you doin’ in Central Park, Bill?”



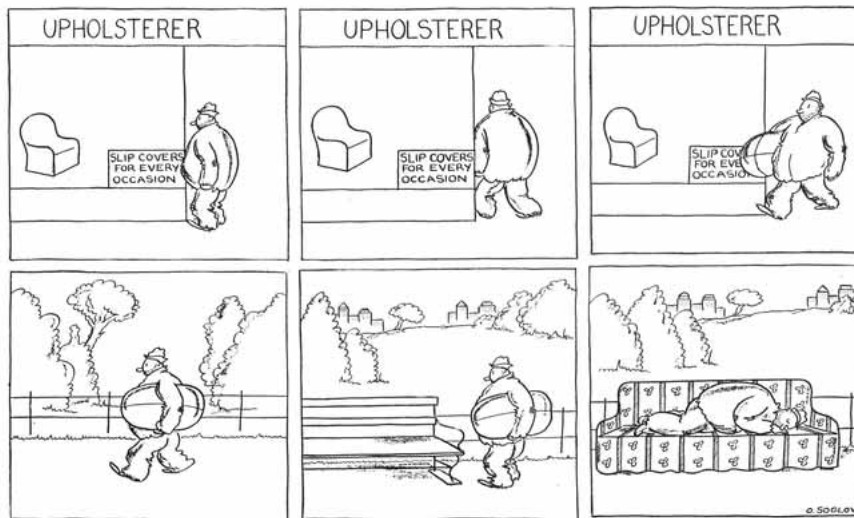
“Have you seen the cook, Egmont?”



“Why don’t you get some for Junior? My dear, they’re terribly instructive!”



“My boop-a-doop is ragged because I ain’t feelin’ good—that’s why!”





*“If you have ever wandered through fields of
lilium superbum on a moonlight night in May
you will be able to understand this perfume.”*



“Pull yourself together, Holbein—it’s silly to be jealous over a dog.”



"Say, where's Texas Guinan's?"



*"I assure you, Madam, our responsibility don't end with installin' the tub.
Our aim is to see that you get a thoroughly good bath."*



“Yes, I was in the army—but in the artillery.”



"You run the show today, Bill; I feel rotten."



COUNTRY LIFE IN AMERICA
Roughing It



"Sure, I can bring a friend along."



"You know, Mrs. Creighton, you do give rather dull parties."



*"It was right on this spot, Albert, where you first
tried to kiss me and I was so offended."*

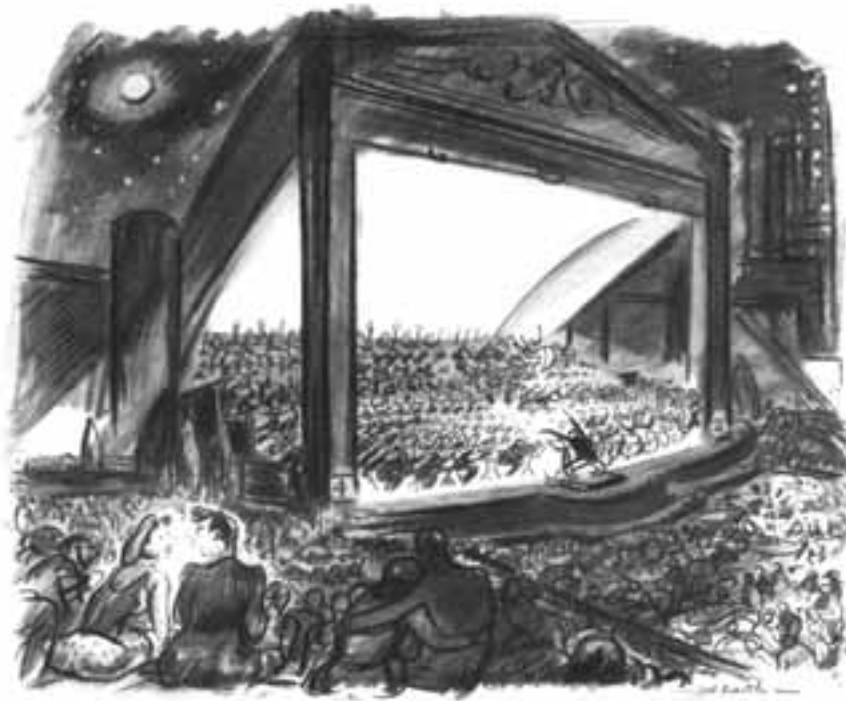




*“Nonsense! Of course you can look smart
—it’s simply a question of willpower.”*



"You have gaiety, Mr. Humboldt. I like that in you."



“Is that all they do?”





THE 1930'S
Sunday in Town

Ralph Barton (8/9/1930)

[Return to Main Menu](#) ►



“Want to come, Mrs. Appleby? We’re going out to dump the garbage.”



"If I were you, I'd make him respect my mind."



"My youngest is a terror. We can't do a thing with 'im."



THE TRAGIC END OF A MODERNIST PAINTER WHO WENT MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING



“Oh look, there’s Donald again! Isn’t he the most devoted thing?”



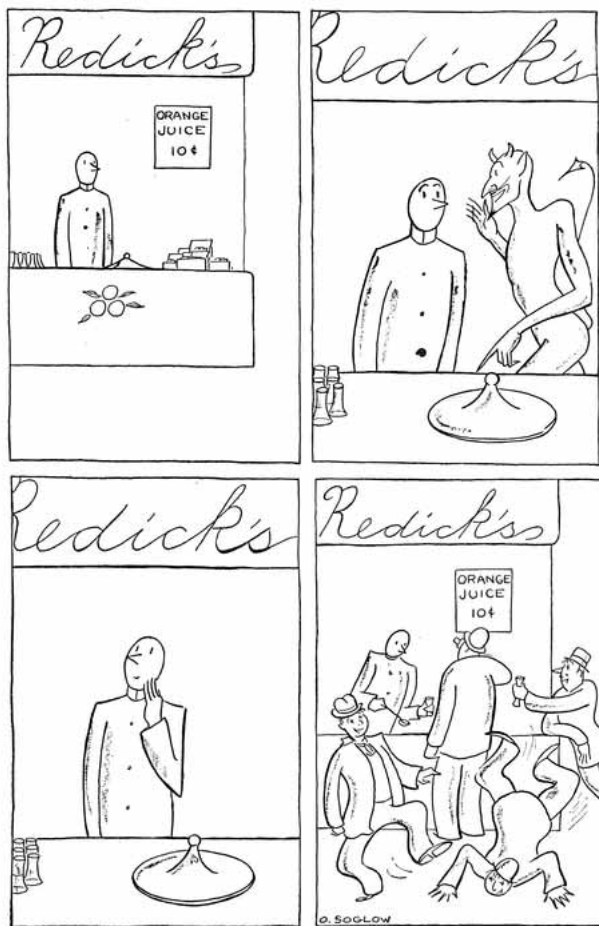
“And you, Lily—tell me, are you happy?”



“Hungry? Why, you just had a Baby Ruth and a Love Nest!”



“Oh, Herbert, here is a perfectly beautiful Irish wolfhound for sale.”





*“But for the more difficult corners, Madame
should use the All-Purpose Brush.”*



“Get a load of him—he’s the Anti-Saloon League’s sugar daddy.”



“See that spire? That’s the old Chrysler Building.”



THE 1930'S
Weekend Guests—Sunday Morning after Saturday Night

Ralph Barton (8/16/1930)

[Return to Main Menu](#) ►



“Can’t you think of anythin’ else to do but criticize Queens?”



"We call it 'The Board Room Different.'"



A MENACE TO LIFE AND LIMB ON THE HIGHWAYS
The SCORCHERS
Eng By JOHN HELD JR. - Who is the toast of the town



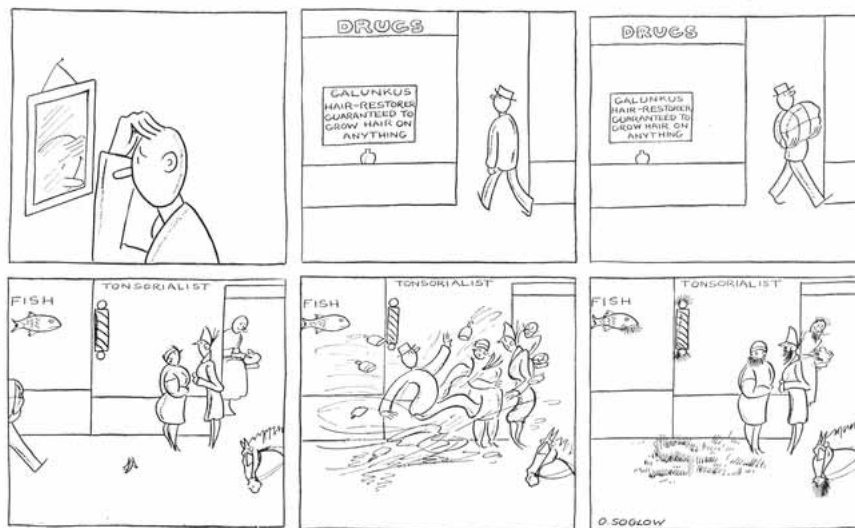
"Pardon me. Can you tell me what we're standing in this line for?"



*"I want you to know, Mrs. Creighton, that Gertrude and I
appreciate your splendid hospitality."*



*"I've already told Lizzie we're enjoying perfect weather.
Why don't you tell her we're having the time of our lives?"*





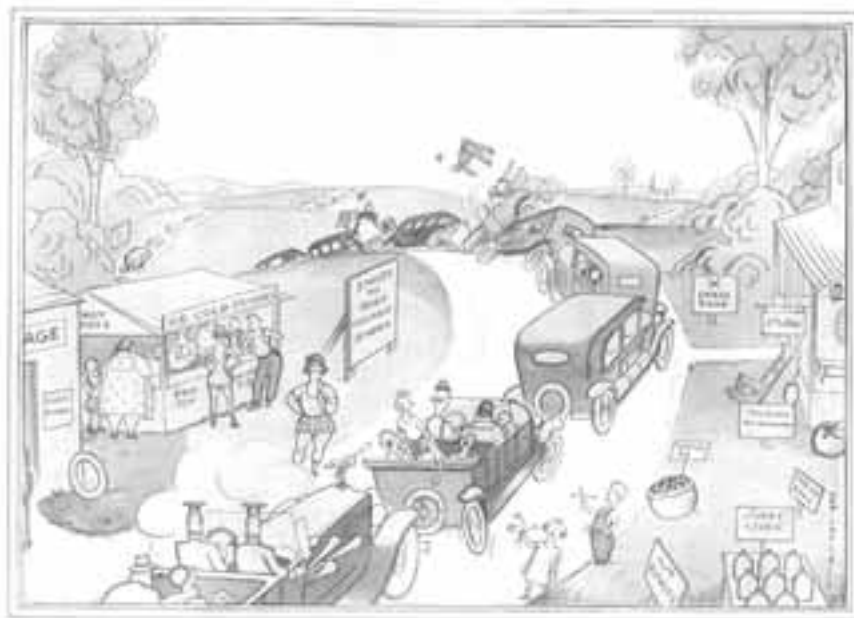
“There, darling, I wanted something like that for curtains.”



“Naturally you write better than I can. You’ve travelled—you know life.”



“What about going to church—just for the hell of it?”



COUNTRY LIFE IN AMERICA
Going to Grandma's



“Her house is exactly what you’d expect.”

“My dear, it would be, wouldn’t it!”



"O.K., lady, I'll be careful."



“Yes, we really should encourage Russia.”



“Quick now! Walk in an’ ast for the ball, just like nothin’ had happened.”



But only God can make a tree



WHEN HUMOR HAD ITS PLACE IN THE AMERICAN SCENE
Listening to "COHEN ON THE TELEPHONE"
ENG BY JOHN HELD JR. THE GHOUL WHO DIGS IN THE GRAVES OF THE PAST



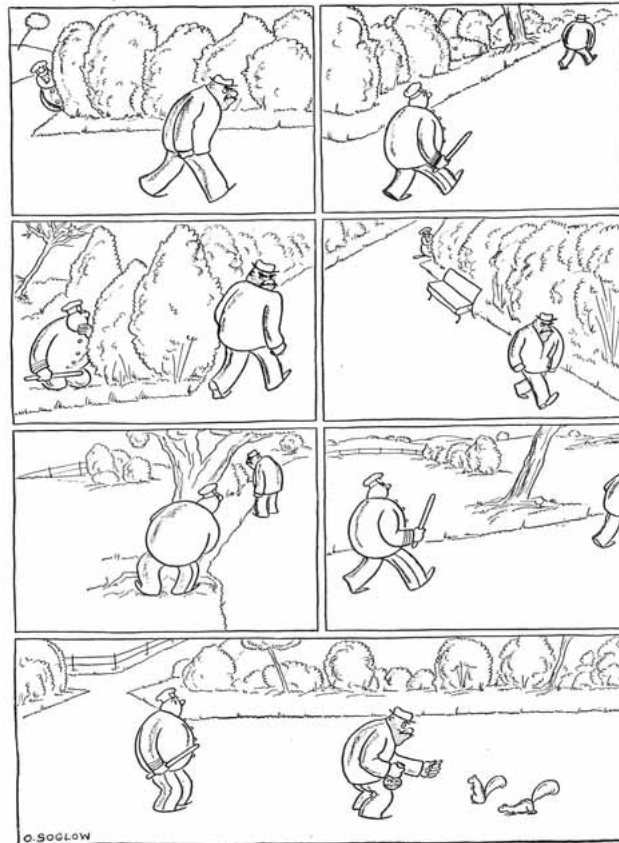
"We might write Dorothy Dix."



"Oh, Mademoiselle from Armenteurs."



"I tell you the trouble is with our clientele."





"Now, we have some smaller cigars that will fit in the hatband."



*“Get Mamma a needle and thread like a good boy,
and don’t stand there gaping!”*



THE 1930'S
The Guest Room

Ralph Barton (8/30/1930)

[Return to Main Menu](#) ►



"Say, stranger, if I was you I'd lay off that talk about Andrew Mellon. I'm a poisnal admirer of his."



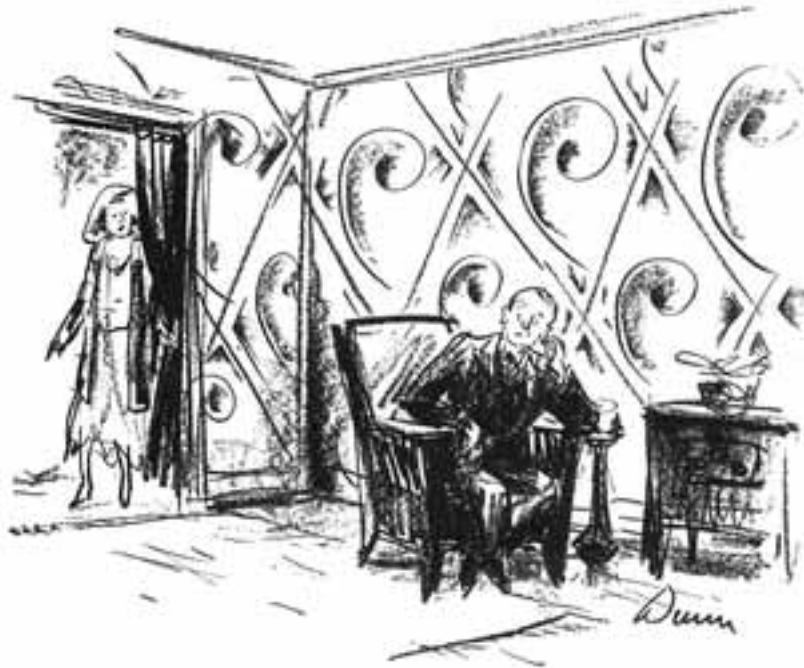
"Let him out, so he can romp a while."



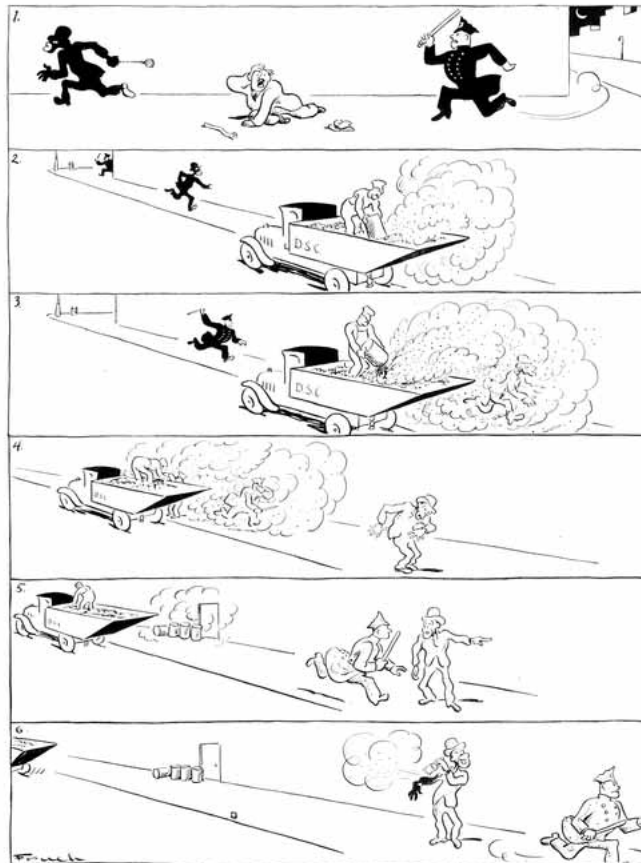
“Oh, he’s a gentleman—if you know what I mean.”



*"I don't want to be a wet blanket, girlie, but
there's people waiting for this mail."*



*"I'm going to leave you alone with the
new wallpaper a few minutes, dear."*





“Use your bean, Mumsie!”



“Yeh, this is Winestine, entrepreneur.”



"How's business today?"
"Does Macy's tell Gimbel's?"



*“Now listen: if anyone says to you, ‘How
d’ya like the camp?’ you say ‘Fine.’”*





"Madam's sun bath is ready."



"Let's not lose our tempers, sir."



"You must give me a buzz some day."



"Route One to Boston?"



WHEN THE THEATRE WAS FRAUGHT *with* ROMANCE
A SCENE FROM YOUTH'S MEMORY ~ ENGRAVED BY THAT
OLD HUMANIST JOHN HELD JR



*The captain of industry who was not included
in Mr. Gerard's list of rulers of America*



COUNTRY LIFE IN AMERICA
The Lawn Party



"Here comes that fidgety turtle again."



“Remember the day it rained in Paris?”



"Hey, Mr. Bijers, you're wanted on the phone!"



“Sorry, gentlemen, but the story’s already sold to the ‘Mirror.’”



*"I used to work in the joolery but y'don't get
the fine class of people y'do here."*



*“Yes, you can hear through the walls, but we have
only the most interesting people in this house.”*



“Imagine me letting a deal like that slip through my fingers!”



"But I've seen the world."



THE 1930'S
The Collector of First Editions

Ralph Barton (9/13/1930)

[Return to Main Menu](#) ►



*“Tell me, Mrs. Creighton, has there ever been
any insanity in your family?”*



“ . . . But no onions. You see, we’re going out this evening.”



“Don’t argue, Miss! I’m not in the mood.”



"I'll never take her to the country again. The whole day she was running around like crazy and didn't gain a solitary pound."



"We might seize this opportunity, Mr. Grout, to take an inventory."



"A lot happens between the second and third acts."





"Hush, Hortense! There's the bogey man."



“Hm! I’m not happy about these eyebrows, Mrs. Dufer.”



*"Pardon me. Can you direct
me to the Digbys' apartment?"*



Dr. Cadman autographs a Bible for an admirer



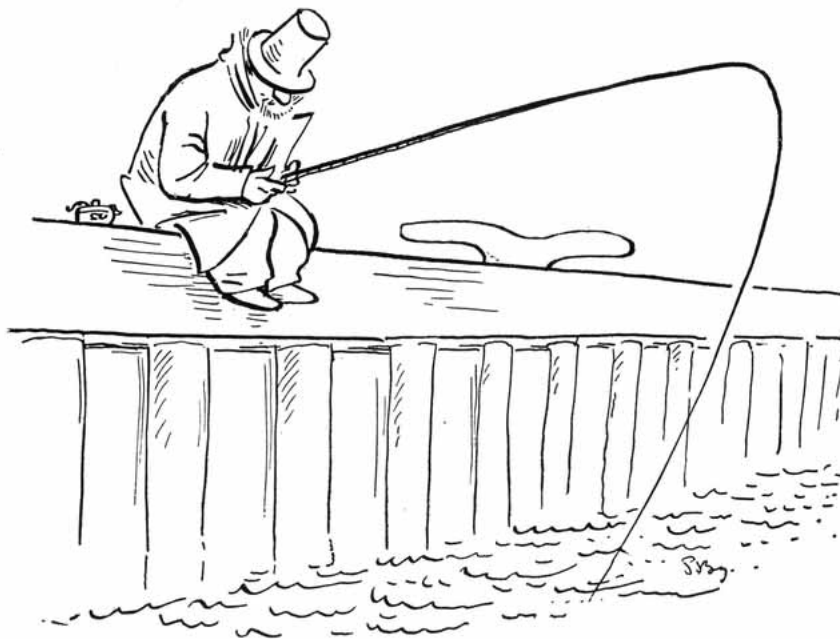
"Now we play da 'Ol' Black Joe,' huh?"



THE 1930'S
Breakfast

Ralph Barton (9/20/1930)

[Return to Main Menu](#) ►



Indian Summer of a Coachman



**WHEN THE THEATRE WAS FRAUGHT WITH ROMANCE
ANNA HELD'S MILK BATH**
ENGRAVED BY JOHN HELD JR WHO IS NO RELATION



*"We had the roughest trip going over but coming back
we sat at a table with two Oxford men."*



“The beer is better in the Forty-ninth Street place.”



"Wait till I take one more smooth on the kitty."



"May I?"



"I suggest you boat with Miss Geraldine."

"We did boat."

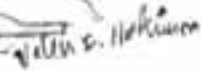
"Well, boat again."



“With me it’s different—y’see I’m in the mortuary game.”



“Here’s a lollypop, kid. Remember me when you’re of voting age.”



"Sir, I hate to see you put an ankle like that into a high shoe."



*"We have ideas. Possibly we tilt at windmills—just
seven Don Juans tilting at windmills."*



*"I just want him to learn the rudiments of walking.
He'll always have plenty of cars."*



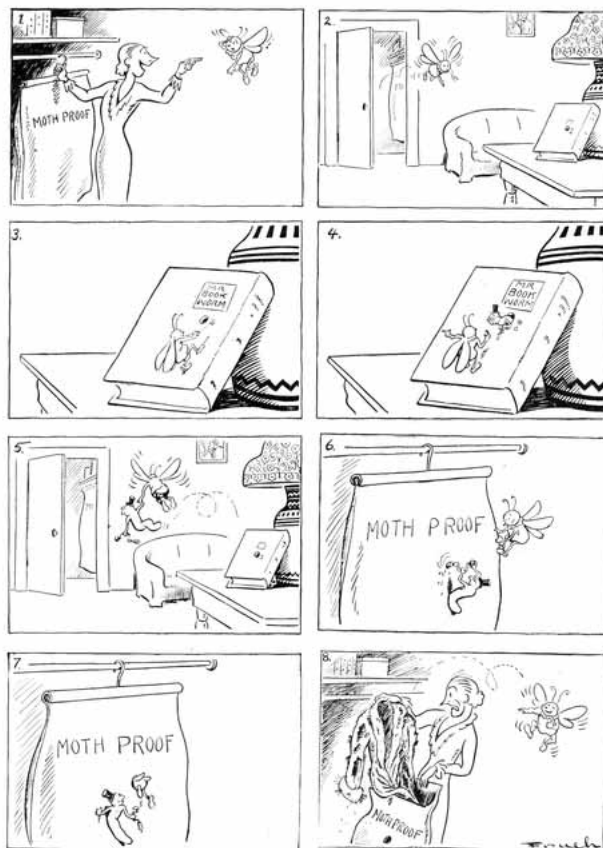
UP FROM THE DEPTHS



"I want you to do Leon next. He has to go to the doctor's today."



“À moi, Ginsberg, à moi!”



THE MOTH AND THE FUR COAT



“My dear child! You don’t want a divorce just yet—wait until the right man comes along.”



"Beer at lunch always makes me drowsy."



"Hey Dad, look, will ya? Before you start that second movement!"



*"Why, Mrs. Thompson, what a swell elegant
little partner you turned out to be!"*



“Yes, from now on I’m devoting myself exclusively to the cause of labor.”



"I want to see your reproductive furniture."



"Maybe I could interest you in some acreage."



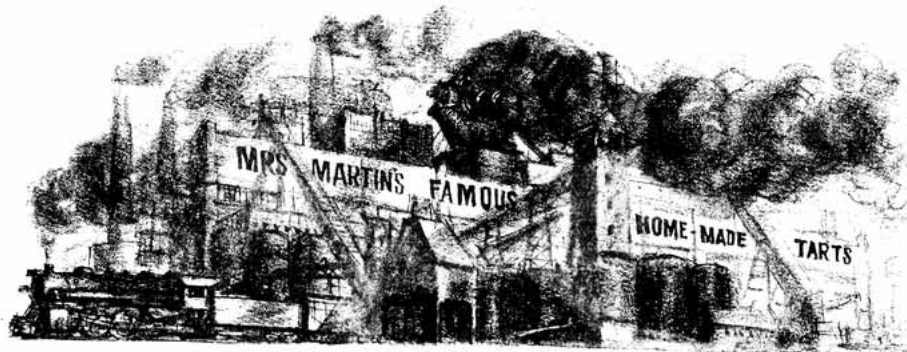
*"Oh Annie, you must come over and see our new apartment!
And don't be surprised to find us living over a church."*



“Now just a block from there is where we got the good beer.”



"Here comes the Honourable Mrs. Tamesby with that damn dog."





“My dear, I adored your paper—‘Bronxville and the League of Nations.’”



"Maybe some day Junior will be a big explorer like Admiral Byrd."



*"I've been through hell with cauliflowers, lady.
I know what I'm talking about."*



COUNTRY LIFE IN AMERICA
Riding to Hounds



"It's only a wild guess, but I'd say this end goes on that end over there."



"I say, somebody cracked our 'Indian Love Call.'"



“Oh, she talked a lot, but she didn’t give anything.”



“Don’t apologize, Madame. I think it’s refined to wear underwear.”



"Dey ain't fer me. Dey're fer a sis pal of mine."



*"He offered me five grand to swing the proposition.
I couldn't refuse—you know how it is, Yer Honor."*





“Une heure, Patrick.”



THE SALOON MUST GO!



"I beg your pardon, but have you heard the hounds give tongue?"



"I've heard they make perfectly devoted servants."



"Say, Ed, the passengers have all got their hearts in their mouths."



*“It’s funny, but I’ve lost all interest in the
Union League Club now that it’s finished.”*



*"I hate to leave you alone, darling, but Mother
must go to her child-psychology class."*



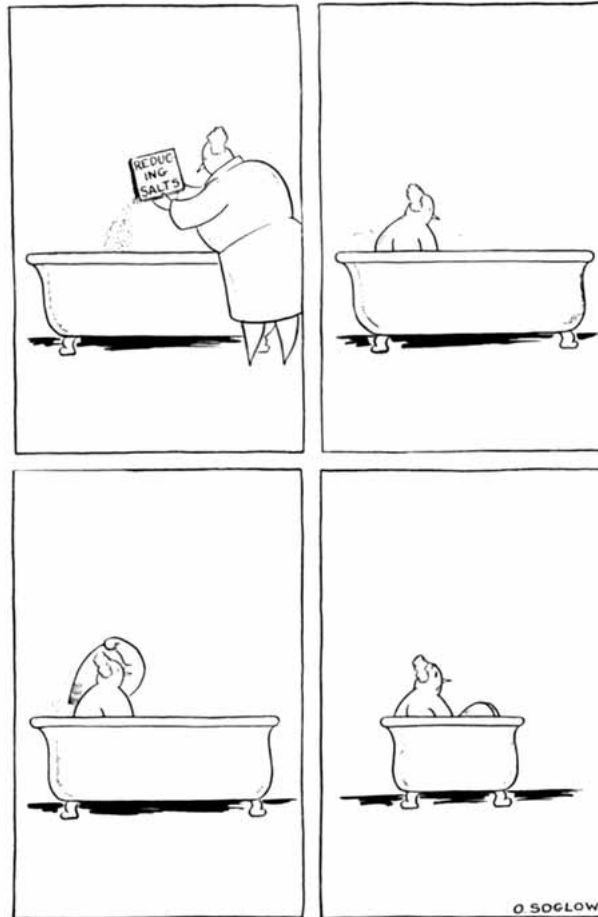
"I sort of lost my temper with this one."



*"Just think of it, dear! This time last year
we were living on the floor below."*



“Of course they won’t produce Eric’s play. It’s too powerful.”





"This one doesn't seem to respond very easily."



*"They say she's a descendant of Button Gwinnett.
I don't see any resemblance, myself."*



“Me no speaka da English.”



"Oh, Mr. Simpkins! And I thought you were different."



“But, Madame, no dogs are allowed in the hotel.”

“Dogs! You idiot, this is a cat.”



The non-partisan



“Remember our ancestors were always gentlefolk.”



"This is doing me so much good! I'm going back to Boston a new person."



"I've lost track, Tim. How many stories we got to go yet?"



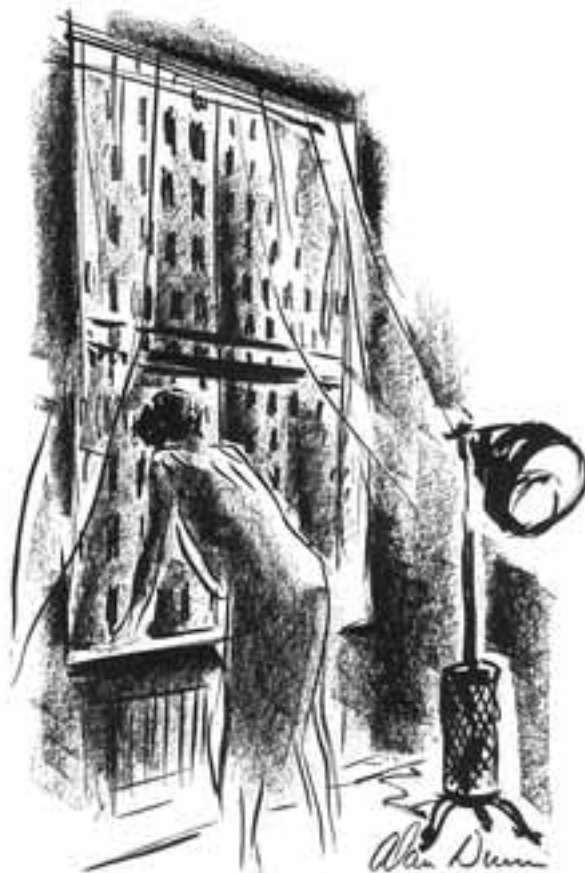
“Didn’t I meet you in the Public Library?”



“Um-m-m, Mrs. Eggles. What’s this line doing here?”



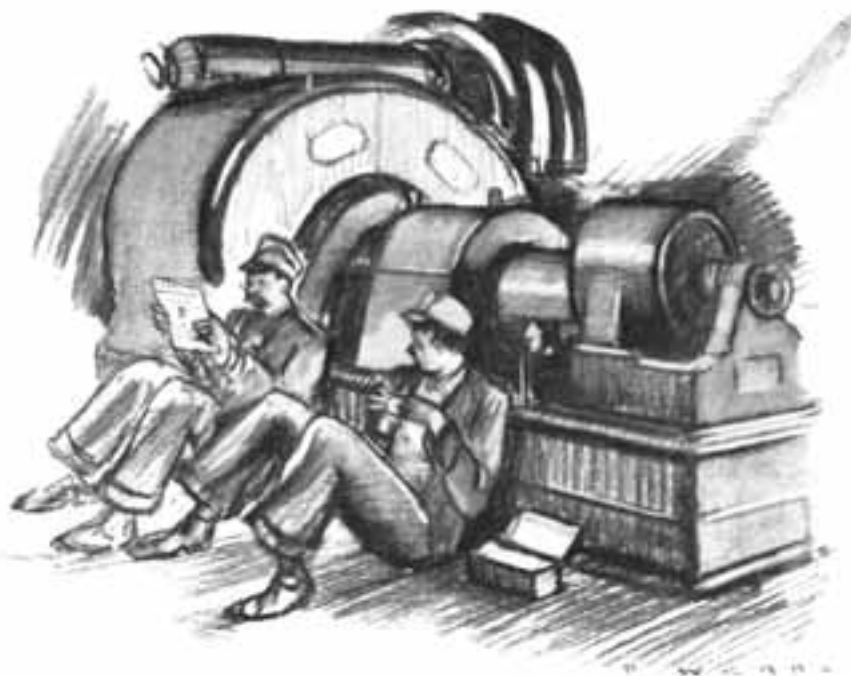
That SPOT IN FOND MEMORY KNOWN AS
"THE COZY CORNER"
 Eng by **John Held Jr** as he tips his derby to the past



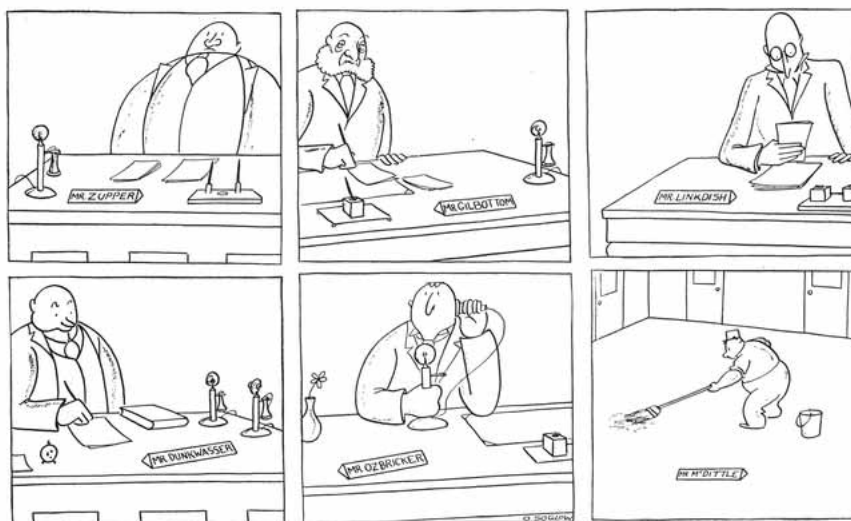
“Yoohoo, darling—come in and get your sunlight.”



“Mater!”



“Here’s one, Joe: ‘Blonde, home-loving type, amiable disposition, worth \$25,000, fond of flowers and pets.’”





“Tell me, old man, what’s your system?”



"But wouldn't your husband like to have a magnetic personality?"



*"Nothing doing! We can do better with the
Paramount-Mayer-Goldwyn people."*



“What state am I in, Porter?”



"I'm sure glad to have made your acquaintance, Mr. Burlington."

"Oh, that's all right!"



“Why Vicar! Y’know, I thought of asking you to my party, then I thought, oh what the hell.”



“That’s it—nothing much has happened to us since the war.”



"I hear Gigli took off two pounds this summer."



"The next station is mine."



"I want to see one with some fight in it."



“Yoo-hoo, Count, you forgot your hat.”





“Dear, dear, sir, your hair seems to be falling again.”



“No, Ma’am, she’s out—comple-e-etly out.”



“How did she do today, Professor?”



"Y'see, since we put the good beer in we're getting a better class of people."



*“Very well, Madam, buy an all-metal if you wish,
but I still picture you in a four-poster.”*



"I've come to browse."



*“Don’t let them worry you, dear. Remember, your
vote counts as much as any of theirs.”*



"No disgrace, lady. I just done the Morgans and the Vanderbilts."



“But Mother, it’s really just a nice family speakeasy.”



"Cad-wallader always comes through."



"I want one that hits you in the face."



*"They were an ideal pair until he sold her
United Shipping at forty-two and a half."*

DANCE RECORDS
GREENWICH VILLAGE



*“Ever since I came back, it’s the most difficult thing
for me to keep from speaking French to everyone.”*



*"Mr. Simmons, we've decided to give you
Western New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio."*



*“Do come again, Mr. Weems. Y’know, we did
have such fun with your name, didn’t we?”*



“He just inherited a million dollars.”

“Oh, but that’s so devitalizing!”



"No, John, no apples today."



*"She must get all her ideas from the movies
she sees. Now she wants a baby."*



"You know what we're getting into, don't you? A million men are idle right now in this country."



“Well, well—I’m from the ‘Evening Breeze,’ men!”



"Wot'll we call the meat balls today, Mike?"





"I never had a real childhood. I never really played."



Dr. Rosenbach gloats over a rare Haldeman-Julius item



“Not now, Tinkie. Mr. Damrosch is just burying Siegfried.”



"She reminds me of someone but I can't think who."



*“—and when I left South Bend, Kiwanis gave me
the biggest dinner you ever saw!”*



“What if Clara Bow is fickle—what of it?”



“Oh, I beg pardon—I’m just looking for my husband.”



“Now in that new bed you ordered, which would you rather have—your feet or your head sloping toward the ceiling?”



"I broke me poor ol' mother's heart—twicet."



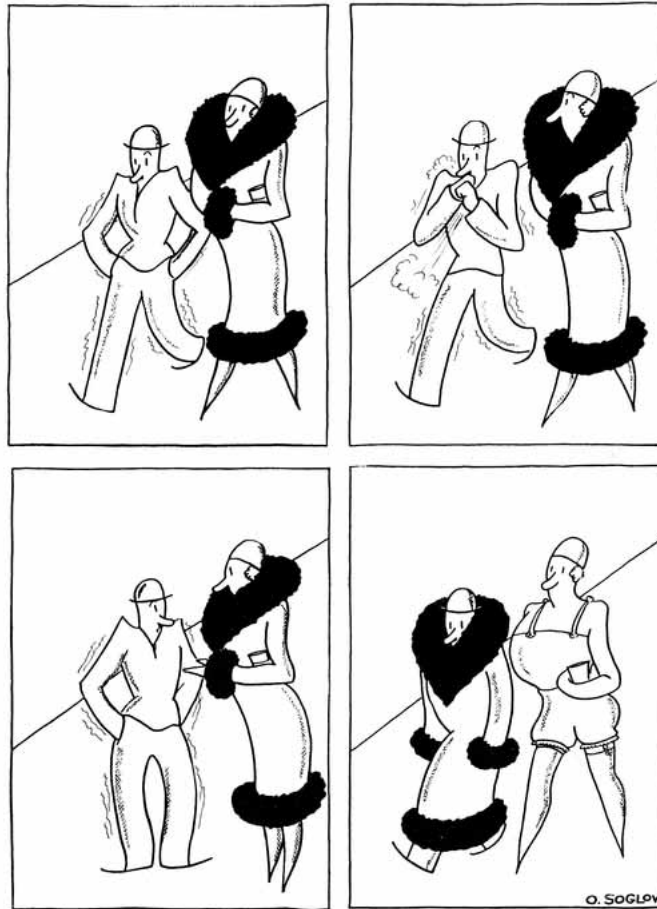
**WHEN THE THEATRE WAS FRAUGHT with ROMANCE
THE STARTLING INNOVATION OF THE MAGIC-LANTERN SLIDE
IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE SERPENTINE DANCE
ENGRAVED BY JOHN HELD JR WHO IS GAME TO THE CORE**



“Oh, very good—very good indeed. Now you are ready to let yourself go.”



"I can see, Professor, beneath it all you are a lovely person."





"Will one be all, sir?"



*"I'm about three-quarters of the way through and I'm
almost sure I've read this book before."*



*"I'm afraid, Miss Woods, we'll have to discharge you.
The president is getting a machine to take your place."*



"Now, Hattie, you're passing directly under the Gay White Way."



*"I'm looking for a Harvard man. Have
you seen any Harvard men about?"*



*"This is only Thursday, Mrs. Molyneux, but
I'm gonna show you something beautiful."*

DANCE RECORDS



"I've been holding out on you—now watch!"



“How do you like your new school?”

*“My dear, it’s wonderful! There isn’t a girl there that
hasn’t got an older brother or a cousin or something.”*



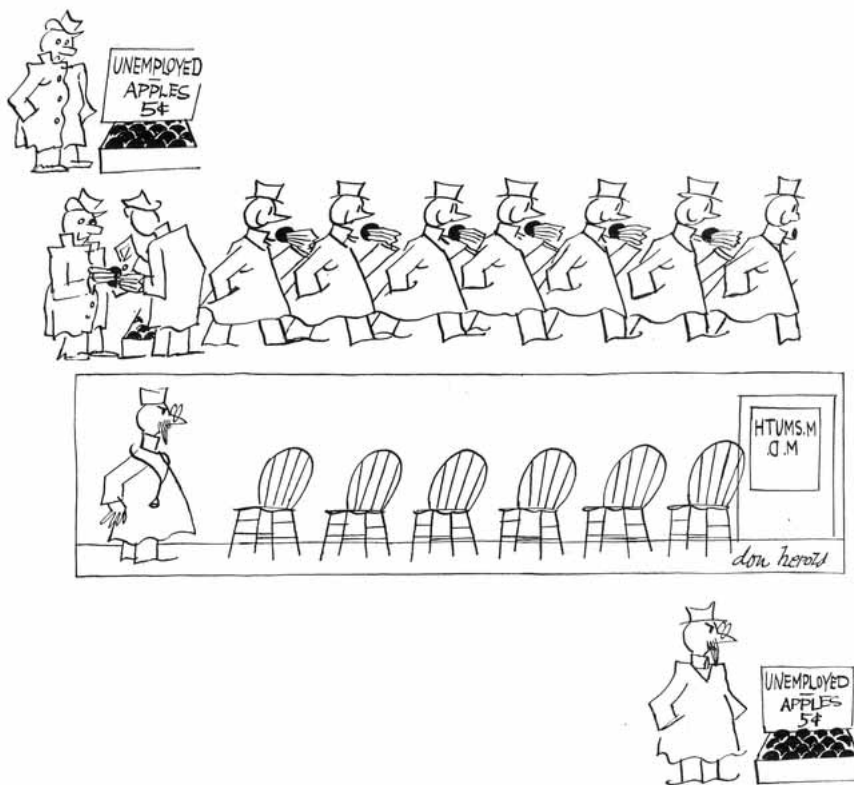
"Aw, it's only a twelve!"



“Gee, boys, the Slitzkin Corporation is certainly having a fine conference.”



"Now who else but a silly husband would do a thing like that!"



"An Apple a Day"



*“You’re probably wondering, aren’t you, why I used
this figure of a dove to represent Licentious Love?”*



“Aw lissen, turn it off! Whotha’ll wants to go on a verbal journey wit’ a baroness?”



"These are liable to scratch a little, lady."



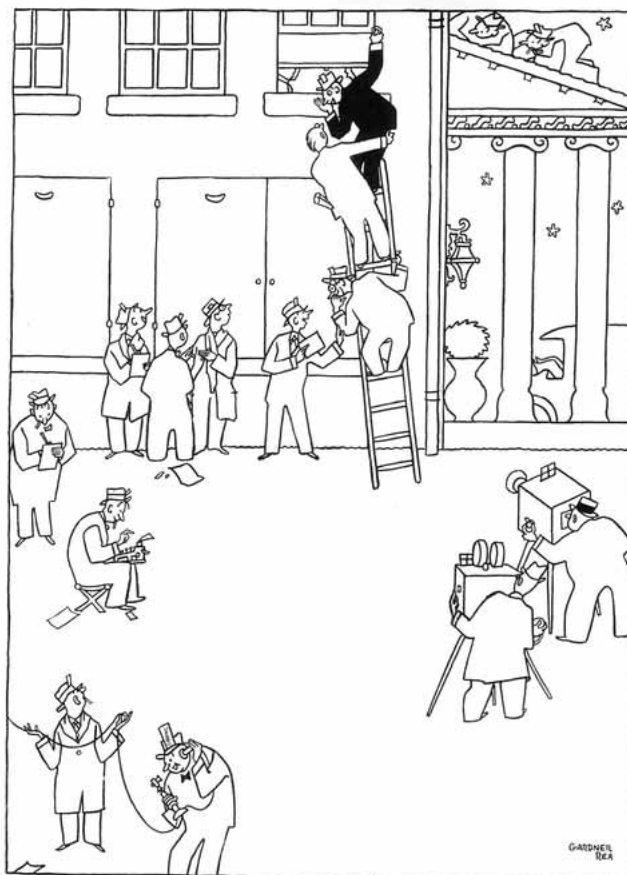
"While I think of it, Horace, you ought to get your hair cut."



"The Swami says, dear, that our bodies are purely imaginary—only our minds exist."



Portal 24, Aisle C, Row 42, Seat 13.



"It's a boy!"





"You're perfectly safe in liking these things, Mrs. Peabody."



"Geez, here comes the Fire Department!"



"You're wanted on the phone, Miss McCarty."



“Then, girls, it is decided that we put on this little light opera.”



*“One Tom Collins, one Old-Fashioned, and plain
orangeade—for the little girl, y’know.”*



"We really wanted a Mexican hairless, but we couldn't afford one."

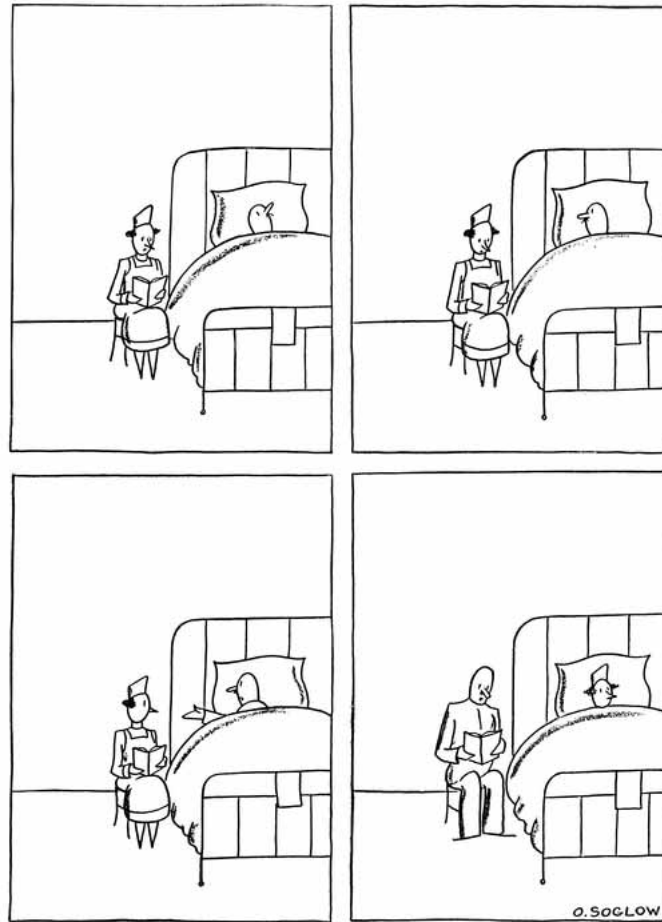




“Now Mother, what did I tell you about this sort of thing?”



*"I guess I'll give her handkerchiefs."
"Why yes! Mary uses handkerchiefs!"*





"Oh, the public be damned!"



*“So I just packed up and came home. Gosh, there’s
no future in a place like Bryn Mawr.”*



“Let’s sing ‘Frankie and Johnny.’”



A MACY BALLOON DROPS IN ON PREMIER MUSSOLINI

DANCE RECORDS



"I was in rags till Sis came in on the Leviathan."



WHEN THE THEATRE WAS FRAUGHT *with* ROMANCE
 The Thought is born of the **FORM DIVINE**
 ENGRAVED BY JOHN HELD JR. ADVELYING INTO YESTERYEAR.



*"I've been trying to tell you, Doctor; it wasn't
me that got hurt. It was a friend of mine."*



“Wait, Henry—you’re not telling that right!”



“Say, what is today anyway?”



"Now it's up to you, Mr. Garrison, to make every kiddie leave the Mammoth Stores, Inc., believing in Santa Claus."



"I wouldn't mind cooking, if our life had any subtlety."

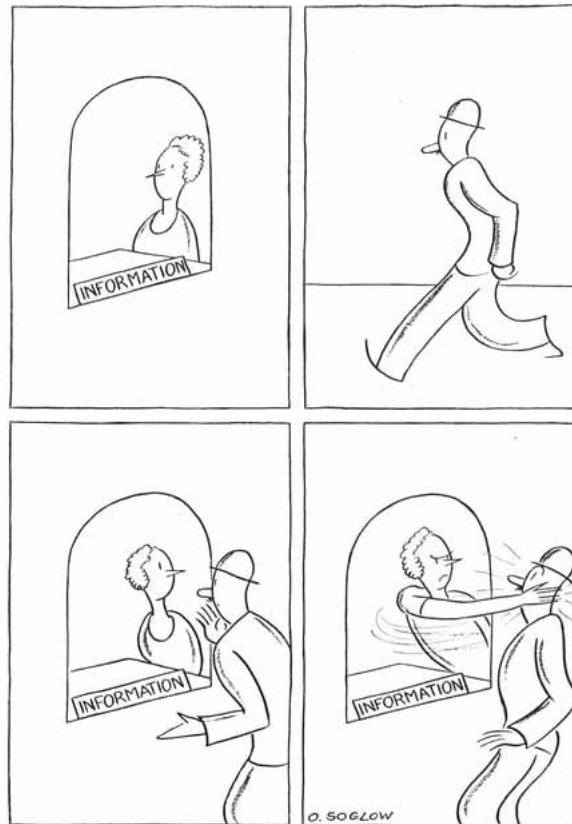
"You mean we should have guests?"

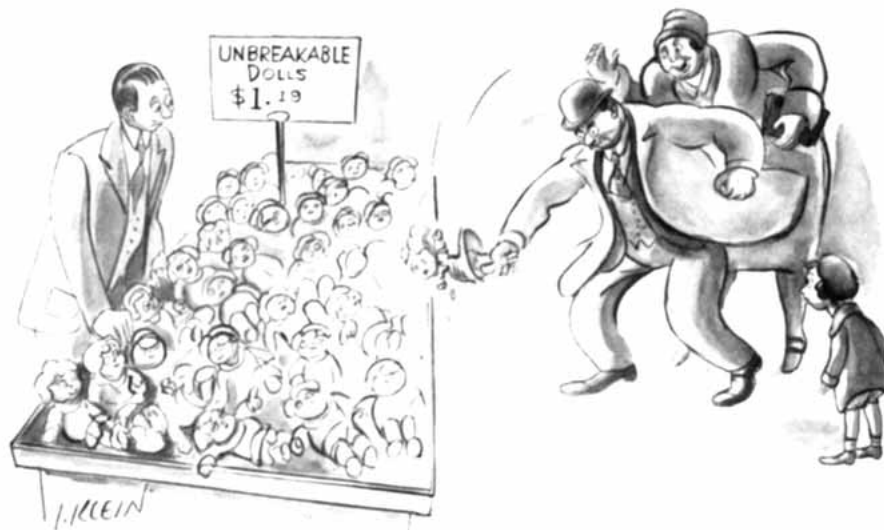


"Oh, after a time y'don't mind being in the limelight this way."



"You're not so bad-looking yourself, kid."





"Now John, you've tried. It's my turn."



“Kin I help ya, sir?”



“Wrinkle your brow like you had it before, Mr. Bangs.”



“Wilbur! You’ve got to see Santa Claus!”



*"Of course you understand, Mr. Hawkes, when
I say 'you' I mean the British Empire."*



"Oh, the hell with it!"



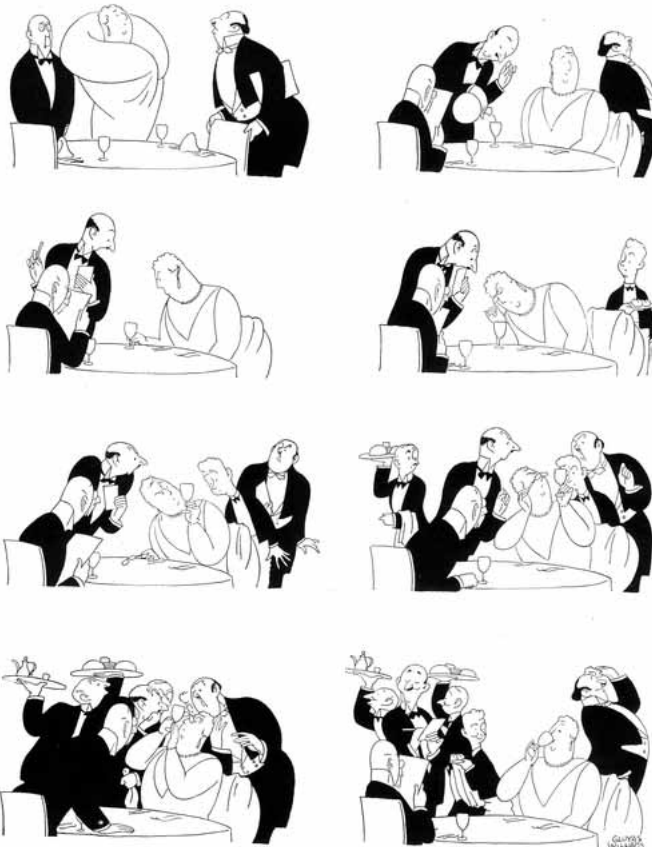
"I say, old man, you've grown a beard!"



“Well, it’s about this big—”



"I don't know whether I ought to tell this in mixed company."



THE WOMAN WHO SUSPECTS ALL RESTAURANT GLASSES



"It must have been tough on his sweetie."



“—and you ask for sables.”



"I want that little scamp with the jolly expression."





“Stuffy in here today, isn’t it?”



*"Wire Coolidge we got to have his copy right away!
Ask him what he thinks he's working for—a magazine?"*



*"Heavens, woman, still in bed on the anniversary
of the invention of backgammon!"*



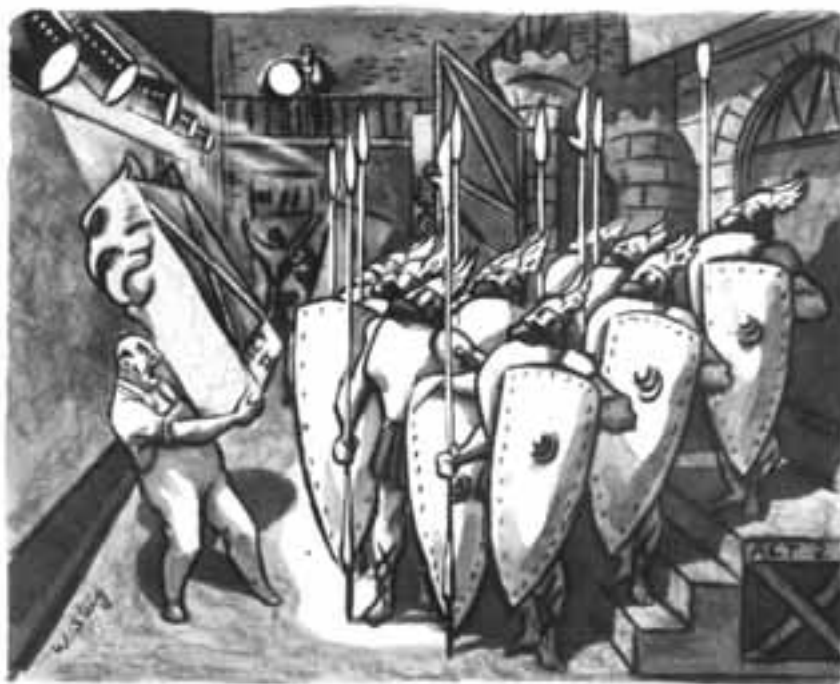
*"You didn't need to have bought me a birthday present,
beloved. I would have understood."*



*"I'll be down by the economics section. Come in
and wake me up about four-thirty."*



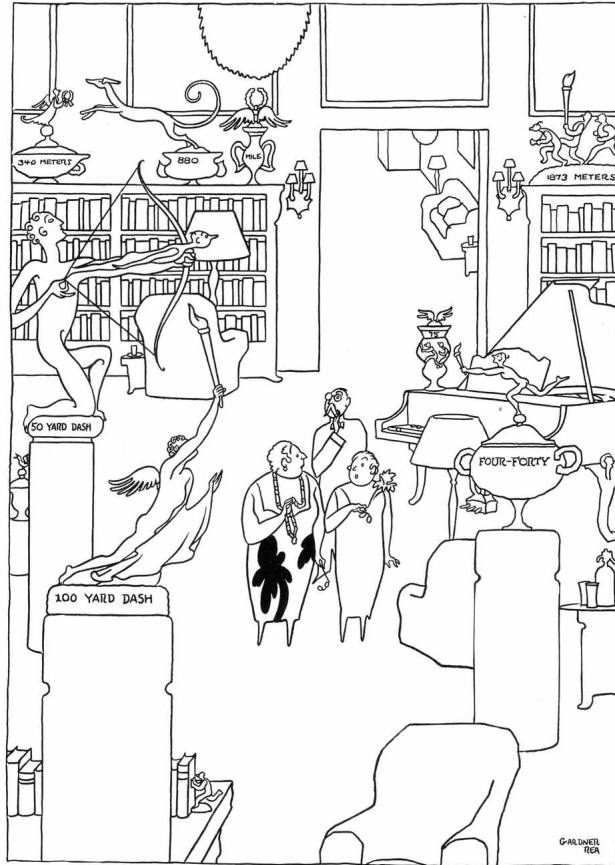
"We're as good as secretly married."



“Outa me way!”



“Oh, by the way, Mr. Finney, save New Year’s Eve!”



"Sometimes I wish the dear boy wouldn't run quite so fast."



“I tell you Mr. Connelly don’t live here—this is a speakeasy.”



“Now, you take this depression.”

“Huh? What depression?”



"Have you a safety pin, old man?"



*“And the tragedy of it is that he couldn’t have lived
to see the family move to New York.”*



*"You understand this is only on approval.
My husband really isn't very au courant."*



“The greatest little scooter on the market, gentlemen.”



"Mr. Smith, you go too far!"



*"Please, sir, would you mind moving up?
Herringbone always makes me dizzy."*



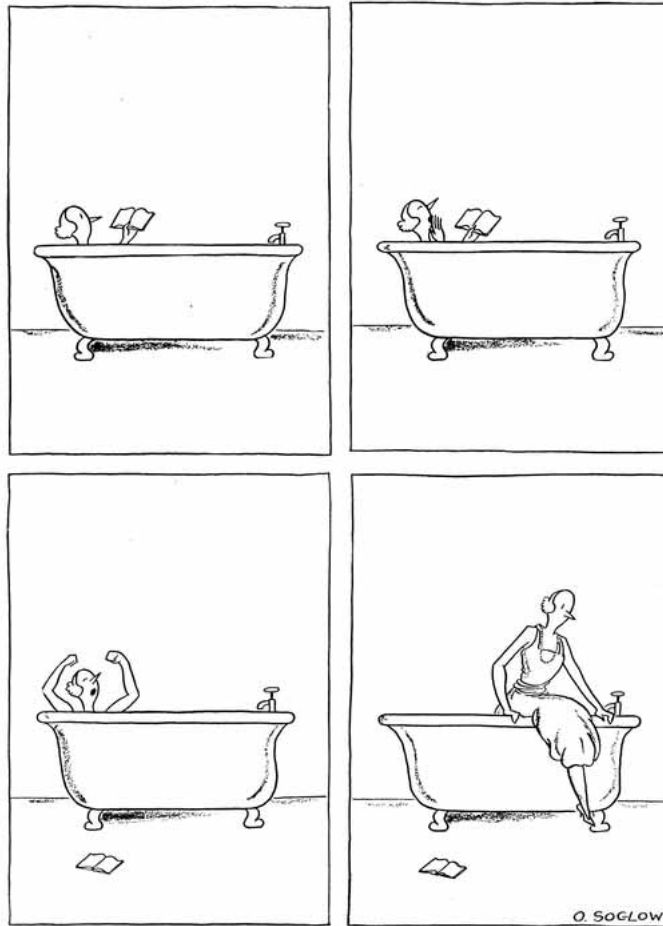
"Now you get off that G."



"You look lousy, Joe. You must be dissipating."



"Here it is nearly Christmas and I can't think of a thing to give the boy friend."





"This isn't as bad as at Macy's, is it, Mamma?"



"Fancy that! So you were a judge, too!"



"Pure, eh? I tell you she was glorified in nineteen-twenty."



“Why Henry Whipple, I thought you were still in medical college!”



"My dear, she's still living in the time of Coolidge."



A Solemn Ceremony of Utmost Importance
COLORING the MEERSCHAUM PIPE
Engraved by **JOHN HELD JR** who is ever ready for a fight or a frolic
ON HEARTLESS MEMORY



*“Gee, Irving, don’t you love Atlantic City
when that lousy summer crowd ain’t here?”*



"There. That'll take care of Uncle George."



THE FALSE NOTE



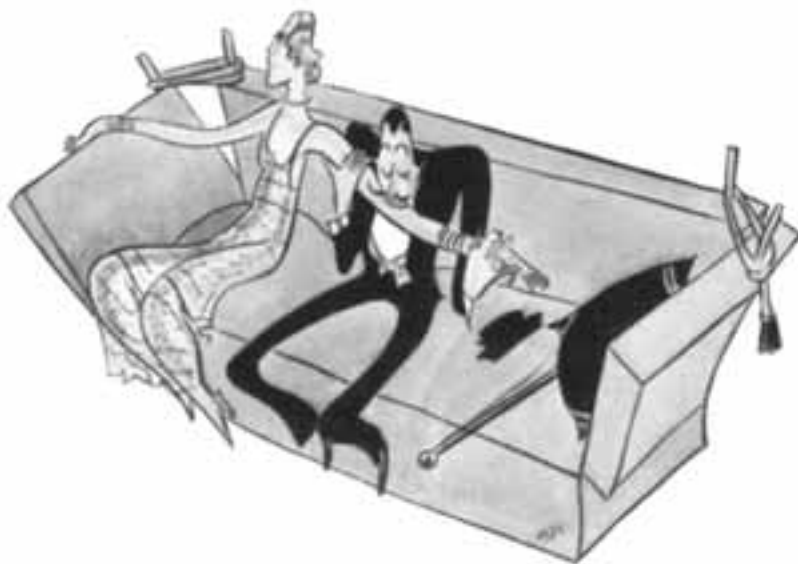
“Why, you poor dears, you’re being neglected.”



"Last one up pays for the stamps."



*"You know, it's a funny thing, but I once had
some playing cards with backs like these."*



"I'm hungry for you, Penelope, hungry."



*"It is then obvious, ladies, that though we may
not all be beautiful, we can all be smart."*



"We could squeeze in that Holy Family display over in the corner there but it would mean sacrificing three percolators."



"Excuse me. Did you see our bottle over this way?"



“Where did we ever get the idea we loved children?”



*"Ah, the factory whistles greeting the New Year and our Little Gem
Button Hook Company's whistles shrilling above all."*



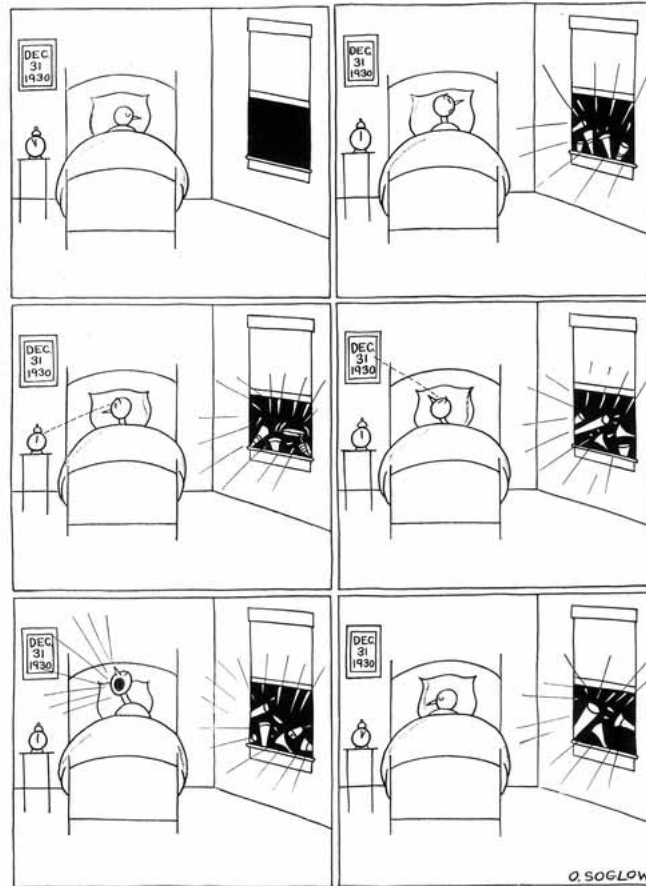
"I love you!"



“If Grover Whalen were to come in here, that’s the hat I’d sell him.”



“He’s terribly intense—for a Gentile.”







"Hello, that you, Bill? Tell the boss I'm not coming in today. Tell the old bozo I got dandruff or something."

"Gee, that's too bad, Joe. I do hope you get over it soon."





Dance Records

"He asked me if I wanted to go to Paris as his secretary and I said: 'You can pick up a secretary on any corner there.' That stopped him."



“Red Rover, Red Rover, let Professor Sturges come over!”



“Yes, but wherever do you find time to water it?”



"Will you keep an eye on the tapioca while I'm gone, dear?"



“Yeah, we’re right down to rock bottom in handkerchiefs.”



*“She was considering marrying this gent, but
I persuaded her to stick to the dog.”*